Christian Herald NOVEMBER • 1959 THE CIBRARY OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NEW YORK CITY



Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims of 1621 . . . they had so little
Yet they found it in their hearts
To give Thanks for what they had.
We Americans of today . . . we have so much
We, too give Thanks for what we have.

We have Freedom . . . God's richest gift And today The lingering hope Of the oppressed In other lands. For that Freedom We give thanks We have Courage . To defend the Cause of Freedom With our lives Our fortunes and Our sacred honor." For that Courage We give thanks. We have Memories . We do not forget American brovery And sacrifice at Valley Forge Tre Alcmo Gettysburg San Juan Hill The Argonne Normandy Beaches And Korea. For those Memories We give thanks. We have In God In Nations In Man And in ourselves. For that Faith We give thanks. That all Peoples Of God's world Will be united In everlasting Peace. For that Hope We give thanks.

We have the Bell . . The Liberty Bell Whose inspiring Chimes now echo On foreign shores And whose Song of Freedom Is drowning out The bloody dirge Of communism. For that Bell We give thanks. We have Unity . . . Though we may Disagree Among ourselves, At any real threat To our Freedom A united America Rises in her might. For that Unity We give thanks. We have Wisdom . To know that There are many Enemies at home Who seek Stealthily to Take our Freedoms From us. From our children And our children's Children. For that Wisdom We give thanks. AND SO WE PRAY: Give to us all The strength To keep Freedom At home . To spread Freedom Abroad . To pass Freedom On to the Next generation And to unborn Generations In a world At pegce.

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ADVERTISING OFFICES Paul Laidley, Jr., Robert B. Weston

27 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y. Charles A. Johnson, Laurence S. Heely. Jr. 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, 111.

B. V. Parent 3961 Goodland Ave., N. Hollywood, Calif. Hale Printup Associates 121 S. E. First St., Miami 32, Fla.

Hale Printup Associates (Ed Mullen) 1401 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. Mildred Thomas Bose, General Store

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice of undeliverable copies, on form 3579, to CHRISTIAN HERALD, 27 East 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

NOVEMBER, 1959

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational...dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy, co-operation with all who seek a more Christian world.

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Cover: Painting by Don Winslow ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO: 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

next month

What Was the Star of Bethlehem? Astronomer Herbert W. Cornell examines the evidence for each of the possibilities, tells which he thinks best squares with the known facts of history and science. You'll find it a thrilling-and faith-quickening-experience to journey with him back through time and space to the heavens over Bethlehem, that wonderful night.

Mine Eyes Have Seen—the second big installment of Dr. Poling's newest book. This month he tells the quiet story only his intimates have known-how he as a young widower faced the future with four children under ten years of age, and how a second mother came into their home and into their hearts.

From the rich, reverent cover painting, through the very last page, the December issue is a big, inspiring Christmas greeting that will warm your heart all through the holiday season.

N

"UNWANTED"



Yes, there are "unwanted" children! Not because of lack of parental love... not because of social or governmental indifference...

"UNWANTED," BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BECAUSE OF LACK OF FOOD!

Sometime between the hours of darkness and dawn, a shawled figure steals along the street leading to the Home for Unwanted Children. Silently she opens a little door in the wall, gently deposits her burden in a basker she finds waiting there, hesitates a moment, and is gone. No one can fathom the grief and tragedy of that deed. No one knows! No one has seen. The weight of the baby sets off a bell inside the Home to tell the matron that another nameless little one has been abandoned. But what choice was there? None at all . . . only a forlorn hope that someone, somewhere, might care for this helpless victim of hunger. In God's plan, that someone could be you!

For here is the "unwanted" child in Greece waiting for you to say, "I love you. I have food for you, and clothing, which I give to you in the name of Jesus, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

Will you undertake the support of one of these little ones? All they had to eat when our worker visited them was boiled potatoes without any butter or oil. And in the United States we have \$9 billion worth of surplus which costs the Government \$1 billion a year just for storage. The American Mission to Greeks, Inc., is registered with the International Cooperation Administration of the U. S. Government and is used for the distribution of U. S. surplus food! Do you know how much your \$1 can do? It can distribute 148 pounds of food! AMG cares for

7,000 needy children. Won't you care for just one by taking on its regular support at only \$15 a month? A beautiful folder with the picture of your child is waiting to be sent to you. It contains 12 envelopes, one for each month for your convenience. There will be personal correspondence with the child. Or you can provide a gift of food for hungry little ones by sending your contribution.

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	I cannot adopt a child, but I want to provide some U.S. surplus food by giving \$
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DOCTOR POLING

answers your questions



Fully recovered from his operation, Dr. Poling stands in front of a mural of "Mont Lawn" in his office. His autobiography, Mine Eyes Have Seen, has just been published.

Interracial Divorce

In a discussion on marriage and divorce, it was stated that interracial marriages were most likely to end in divorce. Do you have any figures that would support this statement? Do you approve of marriage between different races?

Ontario D.M

I do not have figures but it is my observation that interracial marriages are maintained with greater difficulty. However, I know of some interracial marriages that have been most happy and complete. They have survived the test of the years. It is not a question of my approval or disapproval. In matters so personal and sacred as this, the individuals concerned must prayerfully weigh the risk and make the decision.

Moses and God's Face

In my Bible class recently we read in Exodus 33:11 that the Lord spoke to Moses "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend," but in the 20th verse He says, "Thou canst not see my face for there shall no man see me, and live." I don't understand this, for Moses lived to be 120 years old.

California W.A

The Scriptures quoted are as they are. They are, of course, from the Old Testament and in reading them and many other passages we need the further revelation of the New Testament with the words and interpretations of Jesus and His disciples.

J.D. and Modern Dress

What can we expect but more juvenile delinquency as the result of the present dress or "undress" of people today? Sometimes I feel I am in a foreign land when I see all the little brown, practically naked bodies,

Indiana M.E.B.

I do not feel that the dress or "un-

dress" of little children contributes to juvenile delinquency. Suggestiveness is something else, and it involves the partial exposure of the human form particularly the adult form, in such manner as to excite the senses. The

INCREDIBLE

In the 1958 Yearbook and Annual Report, of the Board of World Missions, Presbyterian Church in the United States, page 126, appears the following:

"Do Your Relief Work Through Your Church.

"The Department of Overseas Relief and Inter-Church Aid as the official relief agency of the Presbyterian Church, U.S., is grateful for the splendid support given through generous contributions, but we are concerned by the fact that so many of our people continue to send money to agencies which are not worthy, have no connection with any church group and over which no control is possible. By so doing they are not only depriving their own Church agency, but they are also wasting their money in response to high pressure advertisements, paying for excessive administration costs of agencies which do a great deal of promotion to get money but do comparatively little service for the needy. Among such unofficial agencies which cannot be recommended are: CARE, The Christian Children's Fund, World Vision, Inc., The Holy Land Christian Approach

Mission, American Missions to Greeks, Inc., American Korean Foundation, Meals for Millions, Foster Parents Plan, Save the Children Federation, World Neighbors, Inc.,

and many others.

"It can be stated categorically that the churches working together through Church World Service are doing a better job for relief work than any secular agency can do or is doing. Furthermore, and even more importantly, in addition to material relief and personal service in resettling refugees the spiritual character of this assistance must not be overlooked. Gifts for relief come from Christian sources, are distributed abroad by Christian hands in the name of Christ, and thus become a witness to His love and compassion." (Italics are mine)

WHILE I am not equally well acquainted with all the agencies listed and condemned in this statement, I do know intimately the leadership and activities of at least five of the ten. When it is charged that these agencies are "not worthy," that over them "no control is possible," that those who contribute to their sup-

dress of little children, too, needs always the careful thought of parents.

Wrong Prayer?

I read in a church magazine that the Catholics in a certain town had prayed for the removal of a Lutheran Bible school and made public this fact when the Bible school was closed. (A new Bible school and church is now being built.) Can this be a religious act?

Оню Н.М.Н.

If the fact alleged is indeed a fact, then in my opinion the prayer is a wrong prayer. Whether or not it was a religious act, it was not a Christian act.

Christians and Legislation

In your opinion is it proper for Christian laymen as representatives of Protestant churches to take action or become involved in the promotion of such political or legislative recommendations as are necessary to maintain the present level of moral values? A small group of laymen in our church feel that before progress could be rande, legislation may be necessary.

Ohio

The characteristic properties of the properties of th

First of all, I feel that the present level of moral values is too low! Also, I agree with this "small group of laymen" who feel that additional legislation may be necessary. But in the meantime, every possible effort should be made to make advances here and now under present legislation and in co-operation with officers now responsible.

Former Oxford Group

I have read of a movement called Moral Re-Armament and should like to know more about it. Where can I get information?

MISSISSIPPI A.H.I

The New York address of Moral Re-Armament is 640 Fifth Ave. The headquarters will forward full information.

Christian Sabbath

Why do Protestants generally observe Sunday instead of the Sabbath as enjoined by the Ten Commandments?

NEW JERSEY Mrs. J.V.C.

Protestants observe Sunday, the first day of the week, honoring Jesus Christ our Saviour who rose from the dead on that day. This is the sufficient and 1 believe superlative reason. He came not to "destroy" but to "fulfill." In our opinion, He fulfills.

EFFRONTERY

port "are wasting their money," "paying for excessive administration costs," and do "comparatively little service for the needy," in these five instances, at least, the charges are untrue.

A T first hand. I have observed the activities and procedures of these agencies, and I repeat-the charges as made are untrue. Nor is it true that the churches working together through the altogether worthy Church World Service have done or indeed could do "a better job for relief" than these particular agencies could do in the field and manner of their operation. Also and emphatically, I affirm that these agencies, as of my knowledge, have been and are "a witness to His love and compassion." Nor are these agencies "secular" though they are not denominational, for they, too, exercise "mercy" in the spirit of Christ Himself.

Surely, no church board and indeed no other program, however worthy in its own right, will ever prosper by such untrue charges as these. There are those who would exploit and sectarianize charity. Grateful I am that these are a few among the many. But in this instance they do occupy a high place and help to constitute that evergrowing hierarchy that threatens both our Protestant unity and our Protestant freedom.

Among these agencies named in this indictment are those that came early into the field of human relief, that operated sacrificially and with amazing efficiency over the whole hungry suffering world long before denominational operations, now also serving effectively, and worthy of ever-increasing support, were able to make their first beginnings. Support your own church first. But I know the people of these organizations. With them I have worked side by side. They, too, are worthy of your ever-increasing support.

With a heavy heart I resent the belittling inferences and direct charges in this official statement. I believe that overwhelmingly the great denomination for which this statement would speak will equally regret and resist. The least that may be done in Christian justice and good will is to apologize and retract with regret.—DANIEL A. POLING





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LETTERS

UFO

Hearty congratulations for the article "Are We Being Watched" (Aug.) and the courage to deal with a subject which is ridiculed by millions yet which has, without doubt, the most vitally important implications for all of us.

Pittsfield, Me.

REV. SCOTT D. KITTREDGE

... I am very much interested in the subject of flying saucers and decided to tell you my thoughts about them. I believe they are the very same things that Ezekiel saw in the vision. When another war of worldwide proportions does break out I think it will lead up to a climactic battle which will be the Battle of Armageddon, That is the time that Christ will come with the people who ride in the flying saucers. Flying saucers are definitely linked with the Scriptures.

East Freetown, N.Y.

ROBERT F. UNDERWOOD

... The article is naturally interesting to people who read and study the news reports about nuclear energy, solar energy, interplanetary travel, etc. However, I cannot equally commend Mr. Douglass' theology with his interest in space travel, UFO and possible rational beings from other planets. The idea that there are "unfallen" beings elsewhere than Earth is completely unacceptable to me. Mind that is married to matter, no matter where it comes from, is corruptible, and undoubtedly corrupted. There is no such thing as an "unfallen" (completely unselfish) rational creature. Now moral superiority for a being on another planet is possible, and moral excellence beyond anything we know on earth; but uncorrupted beings? No!

Wyoming, Pa.

REV. WILLIAM J. MEDLOCK

...It is time we stopped thinking of "How Great Thou Art" only in terms of the mighty mountain and the rolling thunder of this earth and admitted to the possibility, if not probability, of life on other planets.

Miami, Fla. CAROLE PROND

...I am quite unimpressed with the article as an aid to the questioning mind seeking light regarding UFO phenomena. Why does Mr. Douglass build such a good case for the fact or belief that we are watched or visited by some other world intelligence, but deny that contact has been made between such intelligence and certain of our fellow earth men? If the fact of visitation can be established, do we

except contact? What will constitute proof? Proof has come to Dan Fry, Orfeo Angelluci, Reinhold Schmitt, Truman Bretherum, Howard Menger and others. In a time that is longer past, similar proof came to such men as Adam, Abraham, Moses, Elijah and Paul.

Modesto, Calif.

Amos J. Bontrager

Pouncing

"Don't Pounce on Me" (Sept.) certainly amused me very much. This is the first time I ever heard anyone complain because people were too friendly.

Berlin, N.Y. EVELYN W. SCHIFF

... I would much rather be "pounced upon" than ignored. In my opinion, Lee Hill represents so small a minority that the article should neither have been written nor published.

Harrisonburg, Va. BRUCE SLAVEN

... It's rather difficult for a welcoming committee to tell at a glance, as you come in the first time, just which category you fit into.

Texarkana, Ark.

MRS. OLLIE L. PHILLIPS

... This writer has pounced on a very flimsy excuse in an attempt to justify her antisocial attitude toward people who are trying to extend a sincere Christian welcome to the stranger within their gates.

Omak, Wash. FRANK HENDRICK

... A church is not a club with members. It is a part of the body of Christ and so are each one of the people in it. Each has a special function. How then does she expect to remain quietly inconspicuous?

Gildford, Mont.

EDWIN E. BROWN

● There's a ditch on each side of the road, but till now the caution signs have warned of only one. And we wonder . . . was Lee Hill's admittedly prickly complaint sparked by evidences of genuine friendliness, or by the notion that somebody was trying to star a crown at her expense? "Love . . . (and vestibule evangelism) seeketh not her own."

Miracles Wanted

I am not going to renew my Christian Herald subscription. I am looking for a magazine that will teach me quickly a method for controlling conditions in my life, something like the mind-over-matter theory. If any magazine can teach me to do miracles as Jesus did I will gladly subscribe to it. Whitsett, Pa. James Keho



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ALD

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my get-up-and-go has got up and went,
But in spite of it all I am able to grin
When I think of the places my get-up has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard said,
But sometimes I wonder as I hop into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
And my eyes on the table, till I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I can lay on the shelf?"
And I'm happy to say, as I close my door
My friends are the same, perhaps even more.

When I was a young thing my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels as high as my head.
Now when I was older my slippers were blue
But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I'm still older my slippers are black. I walk to the store and puff my way back. The reason I know my youth is all spent: My get-up-and-go has got up and went.

But, really, I don't mind when I think with a grin Of all the grand places my get-up has been.

Since I have retired from life's competition

I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits, Pick up the paper and read the "obits." If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead, So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

From Eleanor Guth, Montgomery, Ala.

Author unknown

Replace the tension within us with a holy relaxation;
Replace the turbulence within us with a sacred calm;
Replace the anxiety within us with a quiet confidence;
Replace the fear within us with a strong faith.
Straighten our crookedness.
Fill our emptiness,
Dull the edge of our pride,
Sharpen the edge of our humility;
Light the fires of our love.

Sharpen the edge of our pride,
Sharpen the edge of our humility;
Light the fires of our love,
Quench the flames of our lust;
Let us see ourselves as Thou seest us
That we may see Thee as Thou hast promised.

Author unknown

From Mrs. Keith S. McKee, Bakersfield, Calif.

H OW rarely we weigh our neighbor in the same balance in which we weigh ourselves.

Come, Holy Spirit,

-Thomas a Kempis

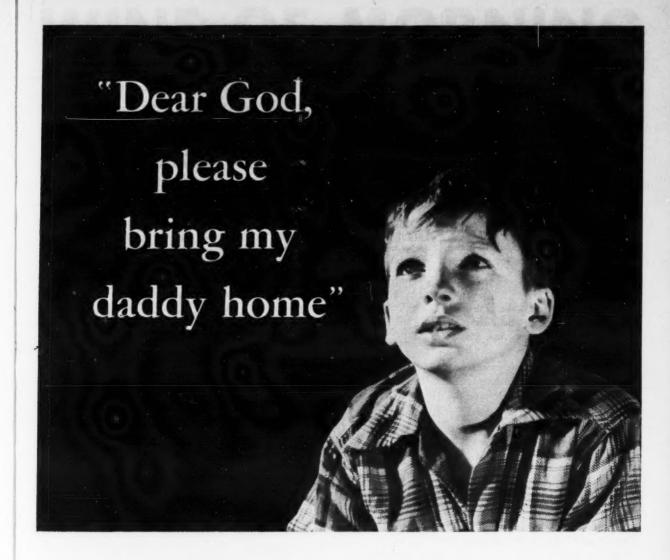
A MONG the many acts of gratitude we owe to God, it may be accounted one to study and contemplate the perfections and beauties of His work of creation. Every new discovery must necessarily raise in us a fresh sense of the greatness, wisdom and power of God.

-Jonathan Edwards

I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it
Forced upon me,
Can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it,
Didn't choose it,
But it's up to me to use it.
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it,
Just a tiny little minute—
But Eternity is in it.
Author unknown

From Mrs. George W. Fisher, Rochester, N. Y.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include course and author and your own name. Sury, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original material used.



JIMMY'S PRAYERS must surely be the most piteous the Almighty ever hears: "Dear God, please bring my daddy home." When evening comes, his anxious eyes turn toward the door his father used to enter... his forlorn little heart pounds with expectation at the sound of every passing footstep. Jimmy wants to be brave...he has learned not to cry any more when people speak about his father. But each night his pillow is wet with boyish tears he can't hold back.

Jimmy doesn't know where his father is, but we do. Three months ago he drifted into the Bowery. Here he has become a familiar figure. His home has been the cold, windswept street, his bed an unwelcome doorway. His pride has vanished. He has no money, no friends, no future. But he still has love for his family.

And that is why he can be helped. Yes, he can be made well and strong and returned to his family and society. He wants to be saved. Drink has ravaged him, yet not destroyed his soul. All he needs is help, love and sympathy.

Here at the Bowery Mission we are waiting for him to come to us sometime during this holiday season. Here he will be cared for by loving hands, be fed and clothed and given a warm bed. He will get the medical attention he will need to keep him going during the cold days ahead. Most important, his heart will be rekindled with faith and hope in Jesus that will sustain him now and later.

One day, Jimmy's father will hold his head as high as any man. He will have a job; he will take care of his family. Yet this miracle cannot come true without your help. Your dollars make the healing work of the Bowery Mission possible; your dollars will help bring Jimmy's father home again.

Will you help Jimmy find his daddy? Please send your contribution to the Bowery Mission today!

\$50 will provide Christmas dinners for 60 homeless and desolate men

\$30 will furnish beds for them on Christmas night

\$10 will give medical aid to five sick men \$5 will buy a man's food for a full week

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The Aucas' First Thanksgiving

By V. RAYMOND EDMAN

TEXT: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" —Psalm 107:8

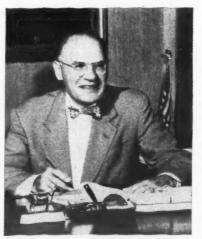
THREE hundred and thirty-seven years after the Indian neighbors of the Pilgrims at Plymouth sat down to the first Thanksgiving dinner, the Aucas, the wildest of savage Indians in the jungle lands of eastern Ecuador, were invited to their first Thanksgiving. A third of a millennium had passed from that first gathering in the autumn of 1621 on the stern and rockbound coast of New England until the first Thanksgiving was celebrated in the rain forest in Ecuadorian Amazonia.

There are striking similarities in these two historic events. The first Thanksgiving for the settlers at Plymouth was held after death and destruction had nearly decimated their small company that came on the Mayflower in 1620. But God was their helper, and when the survivors had harvested their crops they felt that a day should be set aside for expressing their gratitude to Almighty God. Their Indian neighbors were invited to the celebration. They brought game from their hunting, wild turkeys and deer, to be part of the feast. Pilgrim and Indian, white man and red man rejoiced

together. The whole concept of thanksgiving was new for the native Americans, and it was the responsibility of the Pilgrims to teach them the truth of God who had given His protection and made abundant provision for them.

Death and destruction were likewise the prelude to the first Auca Thanksgiving. After New Year's Day, 1956, five young missionaries established a Gospel beachhead on a sandbar on the Curaray River not far from the settlement of the Aucas. Months of preparation had gone into that brave venture. Nate Saint of Missionary Aviation Fellowship had located the tiny clearing in the vast forests that stretched like the ocean from the Andes Mountains down to the Amazon River and beyond. With his fellow missionaries he had begun dropping presents to the Aucas by the ingenious "bucket drop" he had invented. In return the Indians had sent gifts-fruit, and a live parrot. Every indication seemed to point to the opportunity to make the first friendly contact known to history with these wildest archsavages. Hitherto, the Aucas had only appeared up river to kill and to destroy, and then to disappear like phantoms into their native jungle.

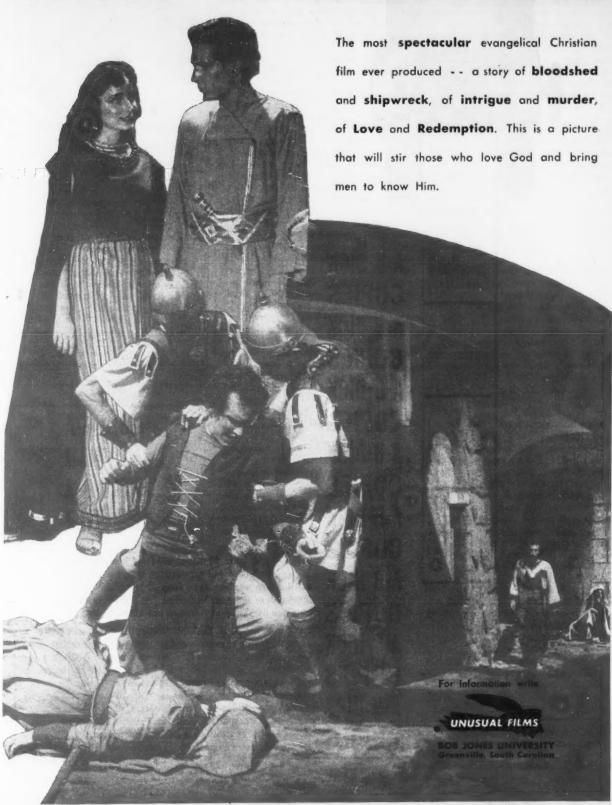
The story of that first encounter is (Continued on page 13)



This is a great year for Wheaton College and Dr. V. Raymond Edman, its fourth president. The independent Illinois college, still holding unashamedly to the purposes of its founders, is celebrating its centennial in a 9-month series of conferences, academic symposiums and evangelistic services.

Before going to Wheaton in 1936 as professor of history and political science, Dr. Edman served as a missionary to the Andean Indians in Ecuador under the Christian and Missionary Alliance and as pastor of Alliance churches in Massachusetts and New York. He is the author of eight books, many pamphlets and magazine articles, a frequent conference speaker.

WINE OF MORNING



NOVEMBER 1959

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now known the world over. On Saturday, January 5, 1956, an Auca brave and two women came across the Curaray to pay a friendly visit to the five missionaries. After that they left, ostensibly to tell their people of the friendly intentions of the foreigners. More Aucas came on Sunday afternoon. The missionaries reported by radio, "Here come some Aucas we haven't seen before. We shall call again at 4:30 o'clock."

No call ever came; the following day disclosed the massacre of the first five pioneers to the Aucas. Silence settled down in the jungle, and sorrow filled the hearts of Christians the world over. Thereafter there were many months of prayer and further planning, of renewed contact by bucket drop with the Aucas, but of uncertainty as to whether another effort should be made to establish another "beachhead." It became obvious that the Aucas would not come toward the mission station up river; so late in 1957 Dr. Winfred Tidmarsh, an experienced jungle missionary, with a band of Christian Quichua Indians started to make a clearing about twodays journey closer to the Aucas, Suddenly, without any warning, a band of Aucas fell upon that little group, killed some with their dreadful lances, took one girl captive, and destroyed the cabin containing supplies. Only Dr. Tidmarsh's absence at the time saved his life

However, God's ways are far higher than our ways as Heaven is higher than the earth. Ten years before all of this an Auca girl named Dayuma ran away from her people because of the brutal slaving of her father and little sister by the men of her own tribe. She made her way up stream and was captured by the Quichuas. There, in Quichua territory, Rachel Saint found Dayuma and from her Rachel began to learn the Auca language. At the same time, through the Quichua language, she taught Dayuma the Gospel message, and led her to full assurance of faith in Christ.

LATER, while Rachel and Dayuma were in the United States for a time, two more Auca women ran away from their people and appeared on the edge of civilization. Betty Howard Elliot, widow of the martyred Jim Elliot and author of Through Gates of Splendor and The Shadow of the Almighty, went to receive these two, who proved to be Dayuma's aunts. When Dayuma and Rachel returned to the mission station there came the prayerful decision that Dayuma and her aunts should go back to their people. There was the large likelihood that all would be massacred for having gone to the "foreigners," but that danger they would face. Dayuma said, "I must go back and find my

mother, otherwise she will die in the darkness."

From the moment of that courageous consecration to go back to the Aucas the saga moves forward rapidly. The three were accepted by their people. Dayuma found her mother. For several weeks the mission station had no word from them. Then the three appeared, with seven other Auca women and children, and brought the invitation for the missionary women to come and live with the Aucas.

Their response was immediate. Betty said, "It is the thing appointed." Some sought to dissuade her from taking her little 3-year-old Valerie along, but Betty was firm. "Where I go, Valerie goes," she said. Rachel joined the two, and they set out with Dayuma and the party to Aucaland. There they were received by the men who had murdered the missionaries. At last the Gospel was coming to the Aucas!

EVERY day was alike to the Aucasheat, humidity, rain, insects, some hunting and fishing if necessary. They had no concept of the Lord's day, one in seven, and Dayuma began that practice for them.

Then came November, 1958. Would the missionaries remember former Thanksgiving Days in their homeland? Of course they did. Preparations were made for a day of thanksgiving with the Aucas.

Dawa, the chief, and his men were instructed to help prepare for the feast. With blowguns they brought down monkeys for the main course of the meal, and others brought fish from the river. The women dug cassava (arrow root) and gathered peanuts, bananas and plantains. The missionary plane dropped some beef and candy. Seated on logs, and some in their hammocks, the Aucas and the missionary women celebrated the first thanksgiving in the history of that people.

I do not recall that Governor Bradford's diary records the text for the sermon given to Pilgrims and their primitive Indian friends on the first Thanksgiving at Plymouth. We do know, however, the text and the substance of the first thanksgiving message given to the Aucas. Dayuma was asked to bring the message to her people.

What Scripture would you read and what lesson would you give to a cruel, savage, brutal group of people who never before had heard of thanking Almighty God? Dayuma chose the story of the healing of the ten lepers recorded in the Gospel according to Luke, Chapter 17, verses 11-19. She told her people that long ago there were ten men who were very sick and there was no hope that they could live (as far as we know, leprosy is unknown

(Continued on page 37)

LD

Gabriel Courier Interprets the News

at home

a plan for total world disarmament from a man who pouts when he can't go to Disneyland and clowns when he's feeling good. Yet Mr. Khrushchev is a man who had better be taken seriously. Whether he learned much about us from his cloistered tour, we doubt. But we learned something about him. For all his free-wheeling moods, he's a man with an obstinacy of purpose which is sobering. It is Mr. K.'s firm expectation, however the words are rearranged, that Communism will "bury" us, with or without his personal assistance.

All of which makes one wonder, Why did he come? Surely not merely to ride a stagecoach in Frontierland or to visit the Mickey Mouse Theater. Surely not seriously to see how Americans lived, for you don't get a well-rounded sampling by weighting your schedule with tycoons and movie stars. Surely he didn't come to indulge in quipful repartee or even to get off some hot-collared jibes, Surely not even for his U. N. address, which was out of this world, or even for his conferences with Mr. Eisenhower.

What else was there? Massive press coverage, for one thing. Hot or cold, dour or funny, frown or smile, Mr. Khrushchev was on front pages from Zanesville to Zanzibar. The U. S. was the biggest soapbox of all time. More than once, you got the impression that Chairman K. was running for Mr. Universe, 1964.

Was he?

UN: Let's take a look at that disarmament address before the United Nations. It was at best high idealism and at worst a cynical jest. Taking it at its best, keep in mind that there has never been any lack of high idealism. Total and utter disarmament always has made sense, always has been the target, but—It is this "but" that Mr. Khrushchev said nothing about.

His reasoning: Throw away the guns and then we can have peace. The reasoning of a lot of other people: Get peace and then we can throw away the guns. Pie in the sky may be the most mouth-watering kind of all. But you've got to get it down to earth before it can do what pie is made to do. Can this one be brought down?

PEACE: It was one of Mr. K.'s favorite words. The Russian expression, "Mir i druzhba" (Peace and friendship), has

become practically a part of the world's vocabulary. (What vocabulary contributions has the U. S. made? "Dollar"? "Coke"?)

But just what is peace? Is it simply the absence of war? Is it undropped bombs, unfired guns? That's one kind. Is it acquiescence, surrender? That's another. Is it mutual respect, neighborliness? That's still another. Seems to us we should pull up our socks on this business of "peace." If all we're talking about is staying alive and fat-admittedly desirable objectives-let's say so, as some groups, including religious groups, already have done. If we mean doing whatever it takes to live at peace not only with others but with ourselves, our consciences, our convictions, let's go on record for that one.

"Pray for peace," we tell each other. What kind of peace? Are we asking God for novocaine or for adrenalin?

YOUTH CRIME: One teen-age killing after another was shaking New York City awake. Mayor, governor, police, youth court officials, clergy, welfare workers, put their heads together. Result: a new get-tough policy, possible reactivation of youth camps patterned on the old Civilian Conservation Corps.

How tough you can sensibly get with a 15-year-old, we don't pretend to know. We do know that in New York, presumably in at least some other big cities, one remedy hasn't even been tried. That's stone-sober treatment of teen-age hoodlums in the newspapers.



GRAHAM AT LITTLE ROCK: The evangelist addressed some 30,000 Arkansans in War Memorial Stadium urging them to seek repentance. Crowd included Gov. Orval Faubus, other officials, and both Negroes and whites.

When you've got prestige-hungry kids dramatized as "Dracula" or "The Cape Man," why shouldn't they shoot for the front page? In New York, you'd think from reading the papers, that the six boroughs are divided into sovereign territories ruled by the "Royal Knights" the "Valiant Crowns" and a hundred other gangs. Call 'em what they are, wet-eared young punks, and take them out of the headlines and see what happens. Turn off the footlights, turn up the houselights, and you put a lot of bad actors out of business.

There are a lot of bad actors in circulation. F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover reports that juvenile arrests went up 8.1 per cent last year. Of 2,340,004 persons arrested for serious crimes, more than 12 per cent were under 18, and 20 per cent were under 21. Adult arrests went up by 1.8 per

PORK POWER: President Eisenhower's 146th veto was his first to be overridden—on the second go-around of the public works appropriation bill. After it was vetoed the first time, the legislators cut the total by 2½ per cent, though still in the measure were 67 unbudgeted projects expected to cost \$300,000,000. Total price tag on the bill as passed was \$1,185,309,093, a whale of a lot of money even these days when billions are tossed around like cordwood.

Why did Congress go on a spending binge this time, when thrift has been the national watchword? Because the public works bill has something for everybody—river and harbor improvement, reclamation, flood control, projects that prove to constituents that their elected representatives in Washington are bringing home the bacon. Money spent in the local district means jobs. Jobs mean votes.

Most of the projects in the public works package are good ones. There are always worthwhile things to be done. But when it becomes simply a matter of keeping up with Congressman Jones, of clamoring to have your harbor dredged because he's getting his harbor dredged, the intrinsics and priorities receive scant attention.

The public works bill is not called the Pork Barrel for nothing! And not even an Eisenhower veto could stand up against pork power.

COURIER'S CUES: Sen. Keating (R., N. Y.) is fighting an uphill battle to get cuspidors removed from House and Senate floors and corridors. . . . A new

survey confirms the obvious: smoking habits of high school students depend largely on those of their parents.

Will Sen. Kefauver's (D., Tenn.) investigation of underworld influence on boxing swing his hat into the Presidential ring again? . . . That penny more of Federal gasoline tax reminds us that every time we buy a tankful of gas we're paying about \$1.50 in tax. . . . Walter Reuther of C.I.O.-A.F.L. added several cubits to his stature by his effective confrontation of Mr. Khrushchev.

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Mentholated cigarettes are doing so well that tobacco people are experimenting with other flavors, including vanilla. (They, of course, already have given smokers the raspberry.) . . . Oysters are getting scarce even in the "R" months—down to 55 million pounds this year from 93 million 20 years ago.

What price strikes? Assuming wage gain of \$200 a year, it will take steel workers five years just to break even with their walkout losses (about \$1,000 each).... Lending money this fall will be scarce and expensive for everybody—thanks to Congressional refusal to ease U. S. debt financing.... Don't reach for your pocketbook now, but total taxes in the U. S. have gone up 121 per cent in 10 years.

Happy Thanksgiving to you, too!

abroad

support: There was a free world of difference between the reception that Mr. Eisenhower received in Europe and the reception that Mr. Khrushchev received in the U. S. (or previously in Britain). While you can't measure national strength with an applause meter, the cheers for Ike were encouraging. They were especially significant, it seemed to us, in West Germany, conquered less than two decades ago by Allied military might under Eisenhower's command, and now reconquered by a friendly grin; and in France, which decided to stick with the team.

EX: One fact about the dinner Prime Minister Macmillan gave for Mr. Eisenhower at No. 10 Downing Street didn't get quite the attention it deserved. Mr. Macmillan made a point of inviting all his living predecessors. Sir Winston Churchill flew back from the south of France, Sir Anthony Eden made one of his rare public appearances since his retirement due to ill health, Lord Attlee, Labor Prime Minister from 1945 to 1951, was on hand.

Doesn't this have something to say to the feuding that has gone on in the U. S. since 1952? Isn't it time for President Eisenhower and Ex-President Truman to call it quits while the score ite? Mr. Truman claims that Ike spurned him shortly after the election.



ADVICE FROM A PRO: Bob Feller, all-time pitching great of Cleveland Indians, right, goes over basebali pointers with Stan Johnson, left, Minneapolis, and Jack Gillespie, Hanover, Ind., at annual summer conference of Fellowship of Christian Athletes, in Estes Park. Colo.

When Churchill was in the country last, Truman turned down an invitation to a White House dinner in Churchill's honor; said he had a prior engagement.

There's nothing today more "prior" than freedom. It's a task too big for petulance. Why shouldn't Mr. Eisenhower be strengthened by a get-together with all the ex's at home as well as abroad? Mr. Malenkov, Russian brand of ex, was banished to a power plant off in the Urals. Why should our Presidential Hatfields and McCoys add fuel to the fable that, on this side, we exile 'em to Missouri?

MOON: (If it keeps on, we'll have to set up three categories: At Home, Abroad, and Interplanetary!) Well, the

"VOICE" OF DISCIPLES OF CHRIST was bounced around the world by denomination's new Amateur Radio Fellowship, formed during annual meeting of International Convention of Christian Churches in Denver. L. to r.: Rev. John Stewart, Bellesville, Ill.; Hugh McCully, Toronto; Ken Wales, Santa Monica, Calif. They are all radio "hams."



Russians got there first, spearing a pennant, or what was left of it, into the moon's surface near the Seas of Tranquility, Serenity and Vapors (anything but appropriate names, under the circumstances). To mark the event, Izvestia published a Peter Pan-ish sort of poem which concluded: "Through millions of eyes, the world in admiration again looks at us." We see that the U. S. is at least a year away from a moon shot with anything as big as the 858-pound Russian payload, not to mention scoring a bull's eye (which, it is not unpatriotic to admit, was a spectacular feat).

For a while, the world (this world, that is) wondered if the Russians would claim the moon as a literal Russian satellite. Did hitting it constitute adequate possession-taking? Not to be outdone, the United Nations promptly advanced the opinion that it should be a U. N. and not a Soviet moon. All hands heaved a sigh of relief when Russian scientist Alexander V. Topchiev, and then Premier Khrushchev, declared they made no "territorial claims." (If the U. S. had hit it, by now some enterprising developer would be selling lots, sewers to be installed soon!)

ALGERIA: For five years, the Algerian rebellion has bled France not only of men and money but of judgment. Hubert Beuve-Mery, editor of *Le Monde* and probably France's most influential journalist, wrote that repression and torture being used against the rebellion were producing symptoms of "Nazification." Yet, the war hung on. Algeria was a symbol of crumbling empire that must at all costs be saved.

Then the dramatic offer by President deGaulle! Within four years of a return to peace in North Africa, an election would be held giving Algeria three alternatives: utter secession from France, complete integration with France, home rule as a federal state. "Peace" was spelled out to avoid any quibbling or misunderstanding: when the death rate from ambush dropped to 200 persons a year (from several thousand now), that would be peace.

Has France matured to the point where it can discuss Algeria without losing its heads of state? We shall see. President deGaulle is staking his future on this one, be sure of that. So is France. If the nation repudiates de-Gaulle, there is no one else.

RED CHINA: Not even India. Red China's most vocal sponsor in the United Nations, put her heart into it this time. Mao's forays were coming too close to home for comfort. Bhutan, a protectorate of India had been invaded. Patrols had crossed into Sikkim. The Chinese had raided Longju on the North East frontier. India was playing



"Everything that I have seems going or gone—yet 'I Must Help the Jews'": thus wrote a child of God whose soul had been stirred to its depths because of the tragic treatment of the Jews throughout the world.

Dear Reader, will you, too, say— "I Must Help the Jews?" They are still God's people, beloved for the fathers' sakes. And because you have been born again you must love what He loves; and you know that He still loves Israel with an everlasting love.

"I MUST Help the Jews!" many individual Christians are saying. But, in the face of world crisis, the Church is silent. What a reckoning will have to be given to Him in whose veins flowed the blood of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! His blood-brothers of today in the Old World are driven, beaten and imprisoned; their children starving, their maidens ravished and mutilated.

This is an S.O.S. Israel's eleventh hour has struck. So swiftly moves world cataclysm that this may be the last call before the trumpet blows, and you will be face to face with a Christ who may look into your eyes and ask, What have you done for these, my brethren?

host to the Dalai Lama, who had been forced to flee from adjoining Tibet by Communist military action. India voted for Red China's admission, but that was about it. The vote this year was 44 to 29, with 9 abstentions. Laos, which abstained last year, this time voted against, as might be expected.

Two questions might be asked. First, what is Red China up to in Asia? Red maps already show the Indian protectorates of Ladakh, Sikkim, Bhutan, and part of Assam as Chinese territory—cartographic aggression, it has been called. It looks much as if Mao is bent on restoring the old Chinese empire (of which Burma, Bhutan, Nepal, Hong Kong, Central Indo-China, etc. were a part). With 600 million people now, a probable billion in 20 years, is Red China reaching out for living space? And where does Russia, with its abundance of land, fit into Mao's longings?

The second question: Is Red China really interested in getting into the U. N.? As a non-member, she doesn't have to live up to the charter and has a ready-made alibi ("They don't love me") for any piece of international delinquency she ohooses to perpetrate.

church news

HELL: After getting quite a going-over in Europe the last year or two, hell has come to Canada. Forty-three United Church of Canada theologians have expressed their feelings on the subject in a booklet published by the church's Committee on Christian Faith and Order, result of five years of study (from somewhat of a distance, of course). The report was given "general approval" by the church's Council and was recommended for study by members of the denomination, Canada's largest Protestant body.

Admitting that the book contains "beliefs that may seem new and dangerous to many people," the authors go on to declare that hell need not last forever; that there is a second chance at salvation after death; that prayers of the living may help the dead. The next world is not two vastly different and wholly separated conditions or places called heaven and hell, but could be thought of "as one world which is heaven and hell according to the soul's level of spiritual growth," they suggest.

"We have no right to interpret hell as the place of everlasting fiery torment. Hell is to be without God and without the fellowship of those who love Him. Hell is a state of infinite loneliness, desperate deprivation and final frustration. We cannot conceive at all of everlasting physical torment in fire. We can conceive of torment in the fires of shame and remorse—though we cannot see how the repentance that would

WORLDWIDE BIBLE READING

Thanksgiving to Christmas 1959

NOVEMBER 26 Thanksgiving...Psalms 103:1-22 27......Psalms 23:1-6 28..... Psalms 46:1-11 29 Advent 30..... Romans 5:1-21 DECEMBER 1..... Romans 8:1-17 2..... Romans 8:18-39 3..... Romans 12:1-21 4...... 1 Corinthians 13:1-13 6 Sunday.......Matthew 5:1-16 7..... Matthew 5:17-32 8..... Matthew 5:33-48 9..... Matthew 6:1-15 10..... Matthew 6:16-34

17. Isaiah 40:1-11
18. Isaiah 42:1-13
19. Acts 11:19-30
20 Sunday. Luke 2:1-20
21. Isaiah 53:1-12

-American Bible Society

be involved in this state of mind could fail to lead to salvation." Doubting that the dead are so suddenly transformed at death as to put them beyond all need of grace or prayers, the authors say, "We believe that serious and sympathetic consideration should be given to the point of view of those who believe in prayer for the dead."

There is more, of course, but probably this sampling is enough to stoke up a substantial amount of discussion.

with jaundiced soul the non-Christian majority of our 50th state had better look at the election returns. Although Buddhists are the most numerous religious group in Hawaii, and together with Shintoists, Taoists and Confucianists, claim most of the 600,000 population of the islands, the electorate sent three Christians to Congress and put another in the State House.

Sen. Oren E. Long (D.) attended Johnson Bible College (Disciples of Christ), Kimberlin Heights, Tennessee, graduating in 1912. He was one of two in his class who were not ordained to the ministry. He has been a resident of Hawaii since 1917, serving as a teacher.

Sen. Hiram L. Fong (R.) is an active

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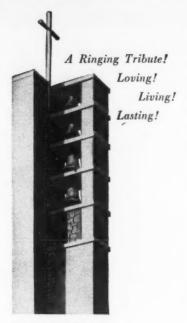
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Rep. Daniel K. Inouye (D.) is an active Methodist layman, and is named for a Methodist missionary of 50 years

Newly-elected governor, William Quinn, is a prominent Roman Catholic layman, as is the man he defeated for the position.

"OFFICIAL": The Faith and Order Commission of the World Council of Churches wants more theological discussions between the Council and the Roman Catholic Church. The WCC's Central Committee, meeting at Rhodes, Greece, also was advised by the Commission that similar talks should be held with Protestant bodies which are not members of the World Council and which accept Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. One could scarcely take issue with either of those suggestions, if they can be achieved.

Another facet of the report, however, may cause some lifted eyebrows. Prof. Henri d'Espine of Geneva felt that consultations between churches engaged in negotiations looking toward union should be held under the official auspices of the Faith and Order Commission instead of "unofficially."

Something distasteful about the possibility that "other mergers have I which are not of this fold"?

QUOTES TO STEER BY: At the 110th annual meeting of the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples), Dr. John Paul Pack: "If there are things we ought to do, we had better put ourselves on the spot so we will have to do them. If we trust our generous impulses and wait until we feel like it, they will never get done."

At the same meeting, Dr. Perry Epler Greshman, president of Bethany College: "We live in a world that cares more about sending a hound dog to the moon than about sending missionaries to the Congo."

At Lake Junaluska, N. C., Rev. John T. Semands, Methodist missionary: "In India there is less and less drinking, and liquor is banned in many states; hardly a woman smokes, divorce is very rare and even non-Christian censors cut out the sexy scenes of Hollywood movies."

Also Lake Junaluska, Methodist Summer Assembly, Rev. William C. Aden: "Prayer is a risky business. Prayer changes man, not God."

At National Convocation of Methodist Youth at Lafayette, Indiana, Dr. Melvin E. Wheatley: "Great hosts of otherwise devout people, young and old alike, worship a God of religion who is not at all the God of all life. He is a pious presence in the sacraments,

but an impudent intruder in the science lab. He is a point of reference for prayers, but an unemployed consultant on business contracts."

At a leadership training institute sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women, Milwaukee, Msgr. Raymond J. Gallagher: "Today the front porch is replaced by the back porch where the family can sit without looking at its neighbors or passersby."

IN BRIEF: Otto Graham was elected president of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.... Alaska is one of the most difficult mission fields in the world, Church of God (Anderson, Ind.) convention delegates were told.... Controversy over garbed nuns teaching in Marietta, Ohio, public school ended when the school officially became a Roman Catholic institution... Miss Frances Young of Baltimore has been named executive director of women's work, National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church U.S.

The National Youth Council of the United Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. gets a new name: United Presbyterian Youth. . . . Rep. George M. Grant (D., Ala.) introduced a bill to create a commission to plan and construct a memorial to the four *Dorchester* chaplains of World War II. . . . Pope John XXIII has dissolved the worker-priest movement in France. . . . The National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., Inc. (5 million members) voted to explore eventual reunion with the National Baptist Convention of America (2 million).

Rev. Billy A. Melvin has been named executive secretary of the Free Will Baptists, succeeding Rev. W. S. Moon-



CROWD AT DEKT RALLY: Over 400,000 Protestants witness to the unity of their evangelical faith in a divided country by praying at this huge outdoor service in Munich which closed the ninth German Evangelical Church Day (DEKT) Congress.

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HERALD

"Because I was snapping at everyone, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"Everybody gets riled now and then. But when you don't feel just right, or sleep too well, everything gets on your nerves. When that happened to me, I went to the doctor.

"He said my symptoms were pretty common... thought they might be due to too much coffee; some people can't always take all the caffein in coffee. He suggested I try Postum because Postum is caffein-free... can't aggravate your nervous system or keep you awake.

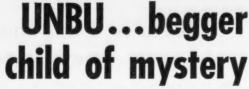
"I followed his advice. I started feeling better, sleeping better, acting better—and boosting Postum. Why don't you try Instant Postum? Give it a good try—for 30 days, in fact. You'll like it—and it'll like you!"



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Nothing is known about Unbu. In India, names have a meaning and her name means "love" but she has never had any. She was found in a small village down on the plains in Coonoor, South India, in the early morning, with a coconut shell which she used for begging in her hands. She was sobbing and no one knew how she came to the village. She had evidently been dropped there deliberately by someone during the night, as she had not been there the day before.

She explained the long gash in the side of her head by saying she was torn by the claws of a dog which had knocked her down to take the few scraps of food someone had put in her coconut shell. She shook her head when asked about her mother and father and said

she never had any.

She did not know the place she came from but said it was big. She seemed to think she had always been on the streets alone. She had never eaten a regular meal, just scraps put in her shell or some cooked rice or vegetable she bought for a few annas (an anna is worth about two U. S. pennies) when she was lucky enough to be given any. She had never been in a house, she always slept on the streets, and her stomach always hurt.

There are thousands of little Unbus in India—hungry, sick, homeless and friendless. CCF cares for as many as funds permit in CCF affiliated orphanages. In Calcutta alone, thousands live on the streets with families staking out bits of the curb. Here they sit, sleep, wash their clothing, cook their skimpy messes over a fire made from the shreds of dung picked up from the tracks of the skinny sacred wandering cows.

Indian children can be "adopted" and admitted to CCF's 12 affiliated Indian orphanages. The cost is the same in India as in all countries listed, \$10.00 a month.

For Information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

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	I cannot "adopt" a child but want to
	help by giving \$
	☐ Please send me further information.
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	ADDRESS
	CITYZONE
	STATE
	Gifts of any amount are welcome. Gifts

eyham, who has become editor of United Evangelical Action. . . . More than three-fourths of 266 local school superintendents in Iowa believe that religion should be taught in public schools if presented without a sectarian viewpoint. . . . Henry L. McCorkle, managing editor of Presbyterian Life, has been named editor-in-chief of Forth Magazine, official monthly of the Protestant Episcopal Church.... Scripture Union, organized in England in 1879, has opened an office in the U.S. under chairmanship of C. Stacey Woods.... Died: Haldor Lillenas, who wrote over 3,000 gospel songs; Elizabeth A. Smart and D. Leigh Colvin, temperance

Dr. C. Adrian Heaton, from Eastern Baptist Seminary to presidency of California Baptist Theological Seminary.

temperance

FRANCE: To their bewilderment. Frenchmen discovered that they were (a) drinking less and (b) living longer. The National Institute of Statistics reported that in the 1956-58 period, deaths from alcoholism went down by 28 per cent and from cirrhosis of the liver by 21 per cent. Reason: téenagers are turning away from alcohol toward sports and soft drinks.

Not that the French record for tippling is toppling. France consumes three times more alcoholic beverages per capita than the U.S., has one bar for every 50 people, spends as much on treating alcoholics as it does (or

did) on the Algerian war.

OTTAWA ON THE WAGON: They said it couldn't be done! It was impossible to eliminate liquor at government functions. Somebody would be affronted. Maybe unleash a nuclear holocaust. So

the arguments have run.

India, for years, has banned liquor at official functions. Now Canada has done it, too. Prime Minister John Diefenbaker set the pattern at a dinner in Montreal to celebrate the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. He issued orders that no cocktails were to be served. The experiment turned out so successfully that the government decided to make it an official and regular practice.

And speaking of dry diplomacy, at their annual meeting, Disciples of Christ went on record as opposing cocktail parties by U.S. diplomats in Near and Southeast Asia where there is anti-liquor sentiment. A resolution urged the State Department "to give careful consideration to sending to such areas only those who do not use alcoholic beverages and whose sentiments are not opposed to nations' efforts to

enforce sobriety.'

COUNTRIES

Africa (Central), Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Chile, England, Finland, France, Greece, Hong Kong,

India, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy,

Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinwa, Pakistan, Phil-lipines, Puerto Rico, Syria, Taiwan (Formosa), Thailand, United

States, Vietnam, Western Germany,

American Indians or greatest need.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 317 affiliated orphanage schools in 38 coun-

tries, is the largest Protestant or-

phanage organization in the world.

It serves 30 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the International Coopera-

tion Administration of the United States Government. It is exper-ienced, efficient, economical and

conscientious.

Editorially Speaking...

"TOM" DOOLEY OF LAOS

D^{R.} THOMAS Dooley, "Tom Dooley" to those who know, admire and love him, is a devout Roman Catholic and a universal brother. At this writing, he is fighting heroically to conquer cancer, which struck him down at the height of his activities in Laos where for the past two years he has been operating a hospital near the border of Communist China.

Dr. Dooley carried into the operating room an added burden, indeed his gravest burden of concern, because of Communist infiltration of Laos and guerrilla fighting all about the area at Muong-Sing where his hospital is located.

I met this man first at a meeting of the All-American Conference To Combat Communism. He was with us then on his first return from Laos and he captured that body of representative men and women from more than 50 national organizations of all faiths, political, economic and social levels, with his forthright, intelligent and utterly convincing indictment of Communism as anti-God and anti-man.

Across all lines of faith and creed, men and women of good will will pray that the Great Physician Himself shall intervene in the case of Tom Dooley of Laos and that under God he may go back to his hospital in Laos.

GREETING ALASKA AND HAWAII

I HAVE very real personal attachment to both Alaska and Hawaii and correspondingly I have intense satisfaction in the adding of the two new stars to the flag. With my family, I spent a summer on the island of Annette in the village of Metlakatla off the coast from Ketchikan. What a glorious summer that was! Now in the war days, I have twice visited Alaska again. A great free land it is, a land of opportunity, of infinite resources, and this fortyninth state stands at the very top of the perimeter of the free world's defenses. Welcome, thrice welcome.

The Hawaiian Islands are the fabulous vacation land of the Western Hemisphere. They are, of course, vastly more than this. They have been called the melting pot of freedom, though this, too, is less than the ultimate of the glory and wonder of Hawaii. There was a time when some of us had fears, grave fears too, because of the ruthless leadership of certain labor leaders who threatened the economic stability and indeed the ordered society of the Islands.

But how completely Hawaiian citizens have re-

buked that fear! The recent elections were a complete vindication of democratic processes, where freedom itself is given its free expression. It is symbolic, I think, of that unity which is America that the fiftieth state should be Hawaii, crossroads of the Pacific, and confirmation that under the Stars and Stripes there is unity with diversity—unity that transcends all differences.

THE VOICE OF AN ALIEN

AMERICAN democracy, this American freedom which is unique, is challenged today, threatened as never before in our nation's eventful history. Communism, atheistic Communism with its subversive apparatus operating from abroad and even more insidiously from within, moves forward to undermine the foundations of the state. Make no mistake about this; J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, is right, imperatively, terribly right. Indifference is the supreme menace.

Indifference is dry rot within. Card-bearing Communists are not a grave danger, but those Americans who wittingly or unwittingly with their resolutions, their pseudo peace formulae, their declarations against an adequate and comprehensive defense, their statements that to avoid nuclear war, peace must be considered even on terms of the enemy, their failure to discriminate between moral values and insidiously advanced proposals of so-called "realism"—these men and women make common cause with Moscow and Peiping.

Against the words of these and such as these, I close this editorial with the words of a young alien who sat in his room sleepless the night before he was to take the oath and become an American citizen. Presently, he reached for a pen and wrote these words: "Flag of the States, Banner of the Republic, Emblem of Democracy, Symbol of the World-to-be, I salute you!... Listen, Flag of the Nation-I came to you a pilgrim in rags, a wanderer driven by hate and need. I came to you with shattered dreams, but undying hope. I came not as a soldier of fortune but as your knight errant to defend you. I came to be your adopted son. They have taken my fingerprints. They asked if I minded. I smiled. Why should I mind? I have given you my heart-why not my fingertips? Today I am an alien. Tomorrow I shall be a full-fledged-a true-American. Flag of the States, Banner of the Republic, Emblem of Democracy, Symbol of the World of Tomorrow-I salute you!"

Janiel A. Folings

NOVEMBER 1959

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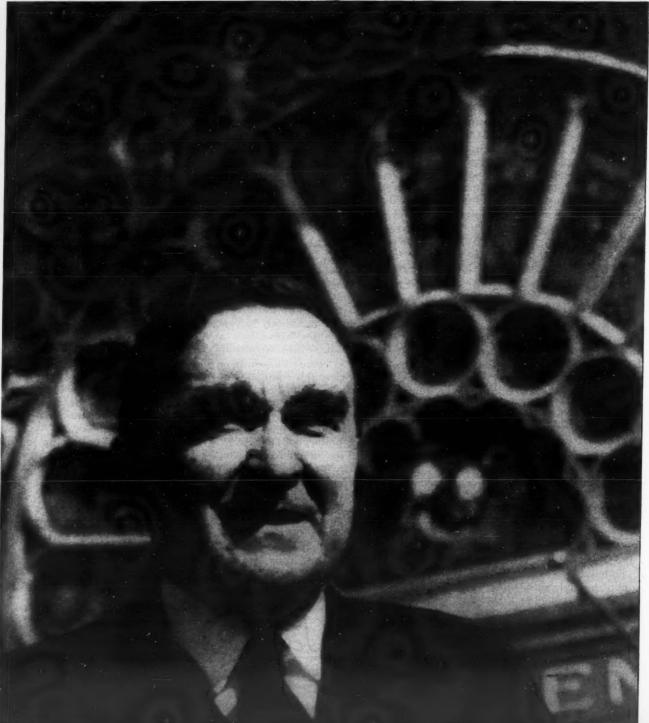
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COURTESY CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY



HAVE SEEN

By DANIEL A. POLING

For years we've urged the Editor to write his autobiography, and now he's done it. By special arrangement, we are using three chapters. Here in the first, Dr. Poling tells of the forces that shaped his career; how he learned to pray at his mother's knee; how he discovered his secret of spiritual power—Ford Stewart, Publisher

FLYING WEST A short time ago, I crossed the Missouri River at an elevation of eleven thousand feet. Seventy-five years ago the young bride who was to become my mother crossed it lower down, in a skiff. Far below my plane were the cities of Bismarck, with the white towers of the state capitol, and Mandan, across the river. When my mother first saw Bismarck, it was a frontier trading post at the end of the railroad; no bridge had yet been built to carry the Northern Pacific's trains across the water. Like most Western towns of the time, Bismarck was not much more than a clump of cabins and shacks. In one of these, having ridden the train to the end of the line, my parents spent some rigorous days waiting for the Missouri's ice to melt and the spring floods to subside so that they might cross to the train on the western side.

Mother and Father were on their wedding journey, and a long one it was—although the plane I rode in so comfortably was covering the same route, from Canton, Ohio, to Portland, Oregon, in a matter of hours.

I have been reading in my mother's diary for 1884. On March 30 she wrote: Charlie went to the Methodist chapel this morning, and tonight he preached in the little sod church. I was not feeling well, and so I waited for him. Then, too, a young mother in our party has a sick baby and I have tried to help her.

Charlie—Charles Cupp Poling—my father, was a preacher of the Evangelical Church (later, after the unfortunate church division, of the United Evangelical Church). Now, at age twenty-five, he was traveling west to take up a new missionary assignment, and his bride was going with him. In the March 31 entry in the little red leather-backed book, this sentence appears:

(Continued on page 111)

Thanksgiving Day dinner—without Indians at Plymouth. The home is that of Ellis Brewster, direct descendant of William Brewster, elder.



By HARRY G. SANDSTROM

PHOTOS BY WINFIELD PARKS, JR., THREE LIONS, INC.

EVERY year, "pilgrims" come to observe Thanksgiving Day in Plymouth, Mass., "America's Home Town," where the first "thanksgiving" feast was held in 1621—probably in mid-October—after the first harvest was in.

These latter-day pilgrimages involve none of the wear-and-tear on body and mind that went with that first pilgrimage to Plymouth in 1620.

The Pilgrims' first "thanksgiving"—minus feast—was not held in Plymouth. It was celebrated on Clarks Island in the harbor on the Sabbath before December 21, 1620 (the day they stepped on that famous Rock).

They had spent two harrowing months tossing around in the tiny "Mayflower"; made landfall at Cape Cod and later arrived at Clarks Island on a pleasant Sunday. Here they decided to rest, for it was the Sabbath, and offer thanks to God for their safe deliverance over the "Sea of Darkness."

William Bradford, leader and wisest of the Pilgrims, described it: "The next day was a faire, sunshining day and we found

THANKSGIVING AT





A "Pilgrim" lady serves cider to Plymouth visitors. Left: Minister greets worshipers at door after Thanksgiving Day service at The First Church,

The famous Rock, It is small, ordinary-but infinitely precious, in its historical significance, to Americans.

ourselves to be on an iland secure from the Indeans, wher we might drie our stufe, fixe our peeces, and rest ourselves, and give God thanks for His mercies in our manifould deliverances.'

Fall next year, when the band was "all well recovered in health and strength and had all things in plenty," Massasoit, the friendly Indian chief, and 90 braves arrived for a visit. The Pilgrims took this occasion to arrange a "thanksgiving" feast.

The Indians contributed five deer, which were barbecued; the settlers provided wild duck, geese, turkey, corn bread, as well as ship biscuit and butter left over from "Mayflower" supplies. The Pilgrims sat at rough tables in the open, the natives squatted on the ground, gnawing on deer bones, tearing fowl apart and lapping up the rancid butter with grunts of appreciation.

Elder Brewster asked for God's blessing

on all-redmen and white.

Nothing survives of that first Thanksgiving feast. But Americans continue to remember and to ponder on those courageous, God-loving folks who dared so much and built so well.



PLYMOUTH ROCK



Pilgrim hats are fitting headgear for Plymouth High School cheerleaders, at Thanksgiving Day game.

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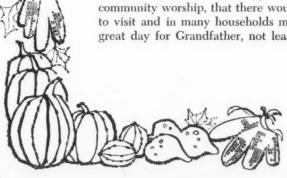


By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

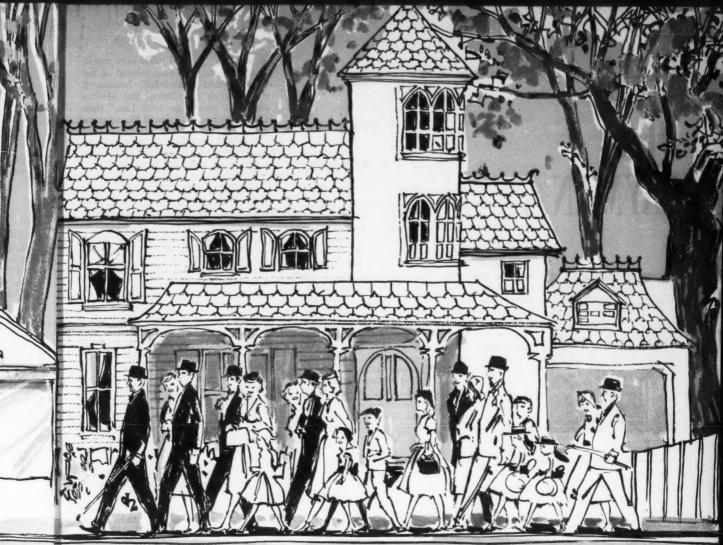
GRANDFATHER stood on the front porch waiting for all the family. He was an old, old man now, but straight as a sapling though depending more and more on his cane. "Where's Johnny?" he asked, because everybody else had already come downstairs. "It's time to leave."

Even as he spoke the bell began to ring, the bell Grandfather had installed in the church in memory of Grandmother; which meant the service would begin in fifteen minutes.

In Lyndham there was always a service on Thanksgiving morning. By a wise provision it was early and brief, recognizing that this was a day for family doings as well as for community worship, that there would be dinners to cook, and people to greet and neighbors to visit and in many households more than one generation would gather. It was always a great day for Grandfather, not least of all the traditional walk together of all the family



RIPE



Illustrated by JOHN FERNIE

On the way to church they passed Sylvia Randall and her husband, polishing their car. This was the world to which Lou now belonged.

down the avenue of maples to the little church, and the two pews practically filled with his descendants, their partners in marriage and their children.

Last Thanksgiving, Johnny thought, an ache in him, a rebellion in him, Lou was with them, too.

"Ready, son?" Johnny's father called up.

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He didn't answer. How could he tell his father he wasn't going? And what would Grandfather think? Oddly enough, he had a feeling that perhaps the old man would understand best of all.

HE COULD recall how, as a very small boy, he had been brought to his first realization of what the day really meant by his grandfather. Not just something out of a history book, although that was colorful enough, but something of (Continued on next page)

EHARVEST

LINES OF A LAYMAN

THANKSGIVING

By J. C. PENNEY

THANKSGIVING is one of America's outstanding annual festival days. Our Pilgrim Fathers first observed it at Plymouth in 1621 as an occasion to express their gratitude to God for His many mercies.

Two vitally constructive elements were manifest in the Thanksgiving attitude of the Pilgrims: they assembled for worship, thus recognizing God as the Blesser of their labors and the Giver of all good things, and they placed great emphasis on the instruction of their youth, thus acknowledging education as one of the principal factors in the attainment of life's largest possibilities.

These two elements—worship and education—have possessed the mind and heart of America's increasing population. There is no creed or cult recognizing the Fatherhood of God and His approval of the honest efforts of men, in our knowledge, that does not participate in the American spirit of Thanksgiving. We all ought, once a year, to spend one day in devout recognition of our Heavenly Father, who has blessed the Nation with bountiful crops and prosperity.



your own. Not just fruit and grain and vegetables mounded in front of the pulpit in the little church, and people singing happy, thankful songs, but something even more real though you couldn't quite see it.

He had asked his grandfather—who always seemed to him the fount of wisdom—and his grandfather had bade him fetch pencil and paper and said, "Let's write down all the things you should be thankful for." Not what Grandfather was thankful for, but Johnny himself, small as he was then.

He could smile now at the things he set down...good things, important things, like the people who loved him—Mom, Dad, Grandfather... but other good things... the stray dog he'd found and brought home, the ship his father had made for him to sail in the pond, his kite, and ball and bat, the crayon book with pictures to color... a hundred things.

"Good," Grandfather had approved.
"Now put down something more. Put
down, 'Just living,' and never mind if
you don't understand it yet. That's part
of the harvest always," Grandfather
said, and Johnny had never forgotten.

said, and Johnny had never forgotten.

A little later he had added the familiar and loved things about Thanksgiving itself. The crispness of autumn air; the brown fields and golden stubble; the flight of birds tardily heading

south; the coming home of members of the family; the wonderful aroma of turkey browning in the oven; the sound of the church bells...and, later still, Lou herself.

LOU was his first and only love. She was just the girl next door until that day in July a little over a year ago now. It was a Thursday, too, he remembered as he would remember every detail always, when suddenly, down by the river where they had so often unthinkingly walked and played together, they looked deep into each other's eyes, and he knew how it was. Neither of them said anything about it, but their hands linked as they walked and all the world spun brightly about them. About Johnny, at least. He could only guess about Lou, and judge from the pressure of her hand and the sudden happy shyness between them.

A year and a half ago-almost,

And just a year ago today they had heard the bells that were ringing now, Grandfather's bell, a bell Johnny didn't want to hear because of Lou.

It made all too vivid his memories of a year ago. Lou had walked beside him to church. He remembered she wore a cornflower blue dress that stood out around her and rustled a little, and a hat with a brim that tilted when she looked up at him. Johnny had said to his mother, "Do you mind very much, Mum, if I go with Lou instead of the family?"—said it doubtfully because it would break a tradition. But Mother said, "Of course go with Lou," then added, "unless Lou would like to come along with us all."

Lou did. "I'd love to, Johnny," she told him. "I've always wished I had a family to go with, all together."

To have Lou walking beside him. part of the family almost, had seemed wonderful, prophetic. He had been very proud and happy to have her sitting there in the family pew, and he had been pleasantly, shyly conscious of people looking, smiling, whispering a little. The fact was Lou, an orphan, lived with her aunt, Sylvia Marsden, who made no secret of the disinterest she had in religion, and never encouraged her niece's attendance at church. She had what were called "advanced ideas." Personally, Johnny found Miss Marsden quite friendly: she would talk to him over the hedge, or lying out in her chaise-longue in her small but carefully tended garden and sometimes he had a faint suspicion she was making fun of him. She painted pictures that looked like nothing in or out of Nature, and in this as in other things she had given Lou tuition. The wonderful thing was that Lou remained very much herself.

"No affectation," Johnny's father said once approvingly. "A nice girl, Johnny."

Johnny tried to pretend he couldn't care less, but he felt happy inside. The same kind of feeling that had come to him just a year ago today, when Lou walked with him and the family down the avenue of maples to which some scarlet leaves still clung and flamed.

Sylvia Marsden waved to them as they started off. Johnny had felt very kindly toward Lou's aunt that bright November day, as he had to all the world—not knowing that behind Miss Marsden's watching, behind her tolerant smile, was a shattering knowledge of events to come.

Nobody knew, Nobody guessed.

Within a month the blow fell. So suddenly that all Lyndham was stunned by the news that Sylvia Marsden had left town and taken Lou with her. Rumor said, correctly as it turned out, that Sylvia was going to be married. Her husband was a career diplomat, and there would be some travel. "Lucky Lou!" said Lou's envious girl friends. The things she'd be doing and seeing!

Worst of all it had happened while Johnny was away. He'd gone off with his father, and when they got back the doors of the house next door were locked tight and the shutters up.

"All I know," Johnny's mother said, sympathetically, "is that Miss Marsden (Continued on page 93) much, of the use it Iother come

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By BEATRICE PLUMB

ymns and hers

SIT surrounded by hymnbooks-Army and Navy, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, to mention a few. I am saturated with hymn lore! And all because, a few weeks ago, my Sunday school class sang, "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," written by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander.

I was practically brought up, in England, on her Hymns For Little Children. I was a quicktempered child, and when my mother saw the angry color sweep over my face, she would begin to hum a certain tune, and, hearing it, I would hang on to my temper until I had it under control.

The hymn my mother hummed, and to which I unconsciously fitted the words, was one of Mrs. Alexander's. It admonished: Do no sinful action, Speak no angry word; Ye belong to Jesus, Children of the Lord.

So, as I stood there, with my Sunday-school class of six-year-olds, singing, "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," I marveled at the way this woman's simple hymns had lasted. How many other hymns, written by women, had lived on to inspire three or four generations? In our hymnbooks, were there as many hymns written by women as by men? Could one tell, just by hearing them, that a woman wrote them?

How they have lasted! Two hundred years ago, a minister-father (Continued on page 48)



The Day We Went Over the Cliff



wardly secure that accidents happen only to other people.

And yet security and disaster, joy and death often are only a fleeting second apart on our highways. A cheery trip can be transformed into a horrible nightmare more quickly than you can wink an eye.

It happened to us.

All one's safe driving habits and strict observance of highway traffic laws make more agonizing the burning question: "Why did it have to happen?"

That question kept racing through my mind last summer as I lay in an Oregon hospital bed, the rain tapping a soft, rhythmic patter against the window. Only a few feet away lay our 9-year-old son, Corky, bravely trying to fight back the tears, his fractured left leg hoisted in traction.

"Everything's going to be O. K., son," I murmured.

Less than an hour before I had managed to crawl out of the tangle of metal that had once been our shiny yellow, late-model station wagon. At a discreet 40-miles per hour during a light drizzle, we had skidded and hurtled over a 60-foot embankment, scattering my family of five along the weed-covered slope as if they were rag dolls. (Continued on the next page) I recalled hobbling around to the rear of the wreckage in a daze and seeing young Corky trying to crawl to his feet. His left leg bulged sickeningly just above his kneecap but he was strangely calm as he called to me. "Daddy, my leg's broken. But don't worry about me—help Mommy!"

As I knelt in the weeds beside him I heard Sandra, 7, and Michael, 6, screaming. They were some fifty feet away, but neither appeared to be hurt.

It was then that I saw my wife's body, lying near the base of the cliff. My heart pounding, I rushed over to her. She was motionless. Draped as though dead across her legs was our two-year-old daughter, Kelly.

Exactly what happened during those next few seconds, I will never know for my brain went numb when I realized that Kelly's right leg was nearly severed. My wife's eyelids fluttered as she tried to speak to me. Her pretty face was abraded by grimy cinders from the embankment. Her breathing was forced. I knew she was dying.

By now, curious onlookers from other cars had lined the highway railing above us, many shaking their heads in disbelief at the scene below. Two men were making their way down the side of the steep cliff as I scooped up little Kelly in my arms and started the long climb to the top.

"Don't worry, we've called an ambulance and it'll be here any minute!" one of the men yelled at me as they

hurried toward my wife. I was too dazed to do much more than nod as I struggled on with Kelly.

Miracle or not, I do not know. But I will always believe that my silent, desperate prayer on the way up that cliff was answered. For as I neared the top, I heard a woman say, "Here, let me take her. I'm a nurse and we saw your car go over. The hospital's only a few miles up the road and I was just on my way to work."

Gently I handed little Kelly over to her with a plea to hurry. The sight of my child's brutally torn leg sickened me. I wasn't sure she was even still alive. Later I found that this nurse also took Mike and Sandy with her, though their injuries were not serious.

BACK at my wife's side a few minutes later, I could only look on helplessly as the two men tried to keep her comfortable until the ambulance arrived. The rain was peppering down now and my heart sank when she looked up at me and said: "Honey, I just don't think I can make it...I can't breathe."

I pleaded with her to hang on... the ambulance would be there in just a few minutes. My words were for myself as well as for her. I had gone through World War II with the Third Fleet in the South Pacific, but never had I experienced this kind of fear.

As I sat beside my wife's body on that rainswept hillside, I thought of how only a few hours before we had left my folks' home in The Dalles, 125 miles away, to begin our homeward journey to Pasadena. California.

journey to Pasadena, California.
"Drive carefully," my mother had called cheerily, as we waved good-by. The sun was shining, everyone was in high spirits at the idea of camping out that evening between Bend and Klamath Falls, we were all glad to be on our way home.

Now, only two hours later, three of our children were on their way to a hospital, one dying; my wife was slowly dying at my side; my oldest boy Corky was sitting a few yards away with a badly fractured leg. In addition, I had suddenly become aware that my own chest was aching and I was having difficulty getting my breath. My right ankle was throbbing.

"How are the kids," my wife whispered, wincing.

I tried my best to reassure her but I could see she didn't believe me entirely.

"Kelly's hurt pretty bad, isn't she?" she murmured. The ambulance's siren interrupted us and a few minutes later men with stretchers were coming.

I heard one man call back, "This

I heard one man call back, "This woman can't be moved until the Doc gets here."

My oldest son and I were then loaded on stretchers despite my wish to stay with my wife. Minutes later we were both lying in the ambulance.

Corky and I had been strapped to the stretchers but the windows in the (Continued on page 44)

My New Thanksgiving

By SANFORD T. WHITMAN

FOR ME, Thanksgiving Day 1959 is going to be a brand new experience. After 30 years of routine, generalized, haphazard and for the most part meaningless giving of thanks, this event has belatedly come alive with fresh meaning.

For the new look at an old and honored day, I am indebted to my three children, the oldest not yet eight.

The break-through came in mid-November of last year, My wife and I were anxious that our children should become familiar with the deeper meaning of Thanksgiving and the rich traditions which surround it. We wanted them to become keenly and unforgettably aware of the satisfaction and significance of full hay mows, heaped up bins, and laden shelves. Particularly, we desired that they should not come to regard the last Thursday in November solely as a time for indulgence. We were concerned that this holiday, above all others, should be more than festive.

So I set out, as I thought a father should, to teach our daughter and two sons the true meaning of Thanksgiving. Then came the big surprise. Our children were teaching me.

I began by attempting to get from them some of the more common blessings for which all of us are thankful every year—health, food, shelter, freedom, things like that. The trouble was, my own definition of these terms had become so vague and glibly spoken they were virtually without meaning even to me. "Of all the things that we see, hear, and use every day," I said, "there must be something for which we should say, "Thank you, Lord."

This precipitated an acute attack of twisting and squirming. As a helpful hint, I was about to suggest the food we eat, the clothing we wear, the comfort and protection of our homes. It wasn't necessary.

"We should be thankful for our daddies and mommies," Sherry exclaimed.

Trite? I didn't think so. Not if we mean it when we say it. To our six year old daughter this was a great discovery. To me it was important that she had made it.

After all, parents are something to be thankful for, aren't they? In the (Continued on page 110) Staged every 10 years, the 8hour-long Passion Play will be performed summer, 1960. It originated 300 years ago as an

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LUFTHANSA



THE CALL OF OBERAMMERGAU

By THEODORE J. KLEINHANS

THE doors of the office were swung wide to the gardens that sunny July day in 1950. I simply couldn't concentrate on the pile of mail that needed answering. Outside the door, Pierre, gardener and gatekeeper, snipped at the roses.

Actually, he was not working any harder than I. Maybe he had vacation fever too. He pretended to be pruning, but really he was hunting snails. Come tea time, he would have a tasty morsel of escargot.

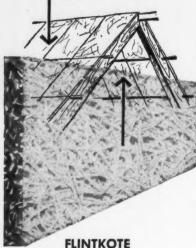
A month before, sitting in the seminary classroom in St. Louis, I'd never have dreamed I'd be in Geneva, Switzerland. But here I was, doing publicity for the Lutheran World Federation. Fifty yards across the lawn was the picturesque old chalet of the (Continued on next page)

Village is equally famed for its highly skilled woodcarrers of religious subjects. Typical house, right, has painted decorations on outside,



NOVEMBER 1959

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World Council of Churches, and already the gray-haired concierge was carrying out stacks of cups for the afternoon tea.

The inner door swung open and Dr. Sylvester C. Michelfelder strode in. Dr. Mickey, as most of us knew him, was the LWF's Executive Secretary. "Can you get away the first week of the month? For the steering committee at Tutzing. We need another press officer."

"Yes, sir. I think so. I'll check with the boss."

"Tell him it's for the Passion Play. No, on second thought, I'll tell him myself. Besides, I need a good driver, somebody to shepherd these visiting firemen through the Alps."

A couple of weeks later, I was under the friendly roof of the Evangelical Academy at Tutzing, where bishops and presidents and professors from five continents and twenty countries had gathered for a conference.

What all of us anticipated most was the day at Oberammergau, even though it meant a long and arduous day

I was riding a magic carpet, Here I was, straight from the seminary, chauffeur and guide to a Ford-full of presidents and bishops. My only excuse was that I had an international driver's license and enough Bavarian to say "Grüss Di' Gott," roughly the equivalent of "Hello."

The day dawned red and windy above the misty hills across the Starnbergersee. Like most pilgrims to the Passion Play, we rose very early. The inns and guesthouses of Oberammergau cannot house more than half the crowd, The village was 71 kilometers from Tutzing the road map said, about 43 miles, through Alpine valleys where the peaks climb a mile into the clouds.

The Direktor of the Akademie was an old hand at the lore of the Passion Play, and one had only to ask a question to be buried under an avalanche of talk and advice. "Whatever you do," he had said to me in the moonlight as we walked along the shore two nights earlier, "read the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of John in preparation. Better yet, read the Passion story in all the Gospels. Then you'll know exactly what's happening."

In a cavalcade of a dozen cars we churned through the misty foothills into the highlands. I was miffed at our late start. We had only an hour and a half for 43 miles of mountain road. This was plenty, really, though the Direktor had suggested we try to arrive a half hour early, at 7:30, for the devotions.

Deep in the mountains, past the monastery at Ettal, the narrow roads were like vast pipelines, pumping cars and buses and bicycles onto the lanes of Oberammergau,

Except for every tenth year, the summer of the Passion Play, Oberammergau is like any other village of the Bavarian Alps. You find the same wooden chalets, the same carved balconies with bedding out to air, the walls trellised with trained pears and apricots, the window boxes bright with geraniums, the plaster walls painted with frescoes.

But that summer of 1950, Oberammergau was different. I parked the car about 7:40, in a field a quarter mile away. Already the bells of the church were pealing their hymns of welcome, and pilgrims were streaming toward the half-open theater.

In the flurry of languages, one could think one was in a tower of Babel, with visitors from every corner of the globe. If you looked closely, you could even spot the members of the cast—not the leads, of course, who required a longer time to don their costumes, but the bit players, even the brightly caparisoned stallion which the centurion was to ride, and the gray little burro that bore Christ in triumph into Jerusalem.

Late as we were, we hurried toward the theater, hopeful of a spare ten minutes to start reading the book-like program. One of our German bishops recognized the hymn on the carillon as "Hosannah to the Son of David," a tune to welcome the visitors and to set the proper mood for the opening scene.

Along with five thousand others, we took our seats. The roof overhead kept off the breezes and the sun, though the massive stage lay open to the sky. With the white clouds and the green hills beyond, one could imagine the stage was the city of Jerusalem and the slopes the Mount of Olives.

Much as I thought I knew the Passion Play, the enormity of it all still demanded attention, if one were to appreciate it. The grandiose costumes, the crash of the orchestra, the hundreds of players on the stage, the mystic voice of the narrator, the chanting of the choir—all these reminded one of a huge pageant.

But there was seriousness too—a certain restraint of color and action, the lack of applause, the quotations from Scripture, the blending of the natural and the supernatural—that put one in the same meditative mood as when one stands awed before the windows of Chartres or on the rim of the Grand Canyon.

Gradually the sequence of the play began to take shape, The action depicted the last week of Christ's ministry, from Palm Sunday to Easter. It began with the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and took Him into the

(Continued on page 45)

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My Sister is Hungry too!

Hardly daring to hope, the little ones of China lift their eyes. Too many times there is no one to see, no one to listen, no one to care. When fighting and famine snatches away the protecting hand of mother and father, there is no one to dry their tears or heal their hurts.

Thousands of them are finding their way to Hong Kong. And there on a beachhead of freedom, Christian Herald is answering the sobs of the children. Faith-Love Orphanage is busy with activity, ringing with the shouts of happy youngsters lifted into a circle of love. Food and clothing are provided—and more than these, a home and the wonderful opportunity of having a foster father or mother.

Do YOU want a little girl-or a little boy? Would you like to have a stake in tomorrow—a stake in peace?

In Hong Kong are children who will some day be China's leaders-preachers, teachers, nurses, parents. Today they are helpless and homeless children. Today, they need food to eat and clothing to wear and mothers and fathers to love. Today, you can build a rainbow of peace-one end on the doorstep of China, the other end on the doorstep of your own home.

For ten dollars a month you can "adopt" a child. Ten dollars a month will save a child for tomorrow—a child strengthened, loved, given faith through your gift. You receive a picture of the child. You are told his previous history, what games he likes to play, what his chores are in the orphanage where everyone helps, his personal characteristics. You have the rare privilege of corresponding with "your" child yourself—and of receiving letters in reply. And at any time you may cancel the arrangement. Nothing binds you but the heartstrings of a child.

You don't have to send a year's support now, not even support for six months. Just ten dollars -so that we can tell one more waiting child that somebody does want him!

The need is so great! Even now construction is under way to provide for 1,000 more homeless, parentless waifs. We must not fail them!



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PLEASE MAIL THIS TODAY!

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ADDRESS	I enclose \$120 as payment for a full year.					
	I cannot provide complete support for a child, but I wish to have a share and I enclose \$					



CHILDREN AT YOUR HOUSE

The Bear Who Wasn't Slee

WOOLY Bear played in the bright sunshine among the fallen autumn leaves. He tried to catch them as they fluttered to the ground.

Buzzy, his sister, called to him,

"Mother wants you to come in now."
"I want to play." Wooly laughed and rolled in a pile of the soft leaves.

'It's time to take our winter's nap,' Buzzy told him.

"I'm not sleepy," he replied.

Buzzy went into the cave where they were to sleep during the long winter. Wooly wanted to play in the leaves and lie in the warm sunshine.

The sun slid behind a cloud and the wind blew harder through the trees. This shook down more leaves and

Wooly nearly went crazy chasing them. What fun he was having!

Finally a snowflake fell on the little bear's paw. How pretty it was! He wanted to show it to Buzzy but it melted too quickly. Anyway she was taking her nap. This was more fun.

The wind blew harder and the snowflakes fell faster. There was no sun now to warm Wooly. He was getting colder and colder, and just a wee bit sleepy. He tried to crawl under the piles of leaves but the snow was fast covering them up. The snow was so pretty and white, but so cold.

Wooly Bear shivered and thought of his mother and sister snug and warm in the cave. He began to cry.

Now this was no time to cry. No one would hear him. Even the birds he had chased in the summer were gone.

Wooly Bear ran as fast as he could to the cave. Snow and leaves had covered the door so he had to dig. The snow was so cold that he dug only enough for his little fat body to squeeze

How nice it was in the cave! Wooly did not see that Mother Bear lay with one eye open. She let him snuggle up close and Wooly was asleep almost as soon as she placed her warm furry arm over him.

Then Mother Bear closed both her eyes and they all went to sleep for the long winter.—EDNA R. COLBY

Puzzle in Rhyme

Each line of the rhyme at the left describes a person in the Bible. See if you can match up the description with the proper name from the list at the right.

A man who had a very long bed.

With ravens' help this man was fed. He went out dressed in white and blue.

He ate wild honey, locusts, too. He rode a mule under a tree.

He walked upon a stormy sea.

Mordecai (Esther 8:15) Absalom (II Samuel 18:9) Og (Deuteronomy 3:11) Elijah (I Kings 17:6) John the Baptist (Matt. 3:4)

Peter (Matthew 14:29, 30) -Grace V. Watkins

Answers to Puzzle in Rhyme

Og, Elijah, Mordecai, John the Baptist, Absalom, Peter

Making Things

MY mother lets me make things All by myself, alone At Christmas, birthdays, Valentines, For Lucy May and Joan.

I make bright trimmings for the tree, And lovely paper hearts, Round doilies, hats and paper dolls And little cardboard carts.

We have a yellow wooden box Where Mummy makes me keep My cut-out things and put them there Before I go to sleep.

-Kitty Parsons

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AUCA'S FIRST THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 13)

to the Aucas), that God's Son from Heaven, the Lord Jesus, found them, and that the Lord is much stronger than the witch doctor for He had power to heal the sick.

Then she told of the nine who were so overjoyed at their healing that they hurried to their own home to tell the wonderful news, that only one turned back to the Lord Jesus and falling on his face at His feet thanked Him, and that the Lord Jesus was glad that he had come, but he inquired, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

"We Aucas," continued Dayuma, "should not be like the nine. God in Heaven has been good to us. He gives us sunshine and rain. He gives us food to eat and strength for our bodies. Best of all, He has sent to us the 'foreigners' to tell us about His Son, the Lord Jesus, who loved us and died for our sins. This day and every day we should be thankful to God like the one who came back to thank the Lord Jesus."

As in imagination we sit beside Dawa, Gikita, and the other Aucas, to hear Dayuma's telling of the old, old, Gospel lesson on thankfulness, we observe that there are some lessons for ourselves. Ingratitude, we note, is indigenous to the human heart. Only one out of ten returned to thank the Lord, and yet all ten had been healed of leprosy! Paganism has no note of thanksgiving in its worship. Its people may have prayer wheels and make pilgrimages but they have no song of praise. They have fetishes erected for fear of evil spirits but they know nothing of a feast of gratitude for God's goodness. They have idols but no ideals that show God's mercy and grace.

Of the natural heart the Scriptures state succinctly of all mankind, "Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful..." (Romans 1:21). But we are not pagans nor savages like the Aucas, and yet are we always thankful for God's thoughtfulness to us? Do we openly express to Him our gratitude at mealtime? Are we appreciative of health and home, of the freedoms we enjoy and the friends we have, and a multitude of similar blessings?

Ingratitude is injurious to ourselves. The nine who went their own way betrayed a basic selfishness of spirit, a concern only for themselves, an inability to be appreciative. Furthermore, ingratitude is an insult to the Almighty. The heart response of the Lord Jesus to the appreciation of the Samaritan contained the deep cry, "Where are the nine?"

Qf course the Master was hurt by (Continued on page 41)





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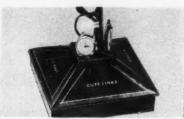


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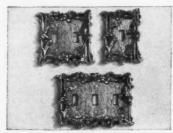
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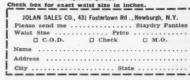
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AUCA'S FIRST THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 37)

the thoughtlessness and unthankfulness of the nine, just as previously He had been slighted in the home of Simon. the Pharisee, to whom He had to say, "When I came in, thou gavest me no kiss." The unresponsiveness of the human heart is always an insult to Him.

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On the other hand there are some who are thoughtful about expressing their thankfulness. Some time ago I accompanied a friend of mine in western New York who was helping a church leader by returning some little girls to their homes in the country after an evening service. As each girl arrived at her home she jumped out of the car and ran into the house. The last one lived in a very humble little house under construction by her parents. It was by far the most modest home we saw that evening. Before she alighted from the car, she said, "Thank you so much for the ride home. Good night, Sir!"

By outward circumstances she had few of the advantages of the other girls, but at heart she was a lady. She was one of the 10 per cent who, like the nameless Samaritan healed of his leprosy, returned to give thanks.

Gratitude to God is good for ourselves. Declared Solomon in the Proverbs: "A glad heart doeth good like a medicine" and added, "He that is of a merry heart hath a continuous feast." The Psalmist declared: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing" (Psalm 100:1, 2). The New Testament adds: "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you."

Appreciation is undoubtedly a source of pleasure to the Almighty. Psalm 147:11 teaches that "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." One recalls the deep sigh from the heart of God expressed in Psalm 107:8, 9, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men! For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.'

Suddenly we find that we are not sitting with the Aucas at their first Thanksgiving dinner and with them listening for the first time to Dayuma's account of God's Son and His compassion for the ten lepers, whether they would be thankful or not, and we realize we are in our own living room, and awaiting our next Thanksgiving Day. Thankfulness for blessings large and small is to be our daily heart attitude toward the Thoughtful One. From deep within us we are reminded: "Count your many blessings, name them one by one, and it will surprise you what the Lord has done." THE END





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November 1

Christian Fellowship in Action

ACTS 4:32-37; 5:12-16

Were the first-century Christians Communists? Far from it, if we accept the meaning of Communism today. We should not take literally the implication that all the believers turned over all their possessions to the church. The fact that the action of Barnabas is described and the episode of Ananias and Sapphira is included, indicates that communal living was entirely volun-

Though proved economically unsound, it was a beautiful expression of Christian fellowship. There were many poor Christians, No doubt workmen lost their jobs and merchants their customers when they became Christians. The poor found hope and compassion in the church. The first converts in India were from the lower castes. The commune was the Christian family "the haves" sharing with "the have-nots.

Christian love is unselfish. It dethrones the ego in the heart and enthrones Christ. When a Christian is selfish he is to that degree unchristian. Jesus had more to say about the peril of wealth than about any other subject. He was betrayed by Judas, who loved money. The Acts give many examples of greed. Simon the magician tried to buy the power to work miracles. (8:18) The masters of the mad slave girl objected to her cure because of their greed. (16:16) The silversmiths aroused Ephesus against Paul because of the loss of their profitable business in idols. (19:23) To this day the love of money and the luxuries it will buy is the enemy of Christian fellowship.

Wealth in itself is neither good nor evil. It is responsibility. When Christ comes first, it will be used, not hoarded, invested in ways that Christ would approve. We are not living in Utopia but in a world where self-interest rules. The early church soon found that communal living was not the best method for expressing Christian love. Good stewardship demands that we use the most effective means we can find for making the coin of this world serve the purpose for which Christ lived, died and rose again.

November 8

We Must Obey God

ACTS 5:27-42

Tradition traces the history of the Council or Sanhedrin back to Moses. However there is no certainty when it was established in the form described in the New Testament, It had become the supreme legislative and judicial body of the Jews. Generally membership came by inheritance. On it were the heads of prominent families, lawyers, Sadducees, Pharisees, chief priests and perhaps other leading citizens. In condemning Jesus there were mixed motives. There was fear that His movement would upset relations with the Roman government.

If Rome considered Jesus a revolutionist, punishment would come on all the Jews. The other motive was the fear that Jesus would lead the people away from their control. The tie that bound the people to the council was religious. They thought Jesus a dangerous perverter of the true religion. Some of the counselors were honest in insisting that one must die rather than live to lead the people astray, Others were fearful of losing their position and authority.

How upset they must have been when they thought the Jesus heresy had been defeated in His death. Now it crops up again under leadership of the apostles. The council had warned Peter and John and imprisoned them. But they are out again and boldly defying their orders.

The Sadducees did not believe in a resurrection. To them the survival of Christianity was especially distasteful. The very center of apostolic preaching was the resurrection. No doubt they were eager to give the apostles the same treatment they had given Jesus. The Pharisees were less concerned. Gamaliel, descendant of Hillel, their greatest teacher, inherited his position of influence. What a contrast to im-

petuous Peter! "Wait! Take your time! Don't take precipitant action! We have made one mistake in the case of Jesus. Killing people does not seem to end their influence. If this movement gets out of hand no doubt the Romans will take care of it. Leave the issue to God's providence!"

This seems to summarize the thinking of Gamaliel. He is the typical conservative. Probably he receives more credit than he deserves. He took no risk for his compromising policy. The hero of the story is Peter, who risked his life in his obedience to God. Are we Gamaliels or Peters? It is eternally important to know.

November 15

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The Cost of Convictions

ACTS 6:8-15; 7:54-60; REVELATION 2:10

When I was young we used to say, "The day of martyrdom is over." I recall the terrific shock when, during the Russian revolution, we read that thirtytwo Lutheran pastors in the Baltic states were put to death by Bolshevist gunmen. There witnessed Henrich Bosse, who before he died was given time to say to his wife "I know my way; bring up the children in faith and piety." There died Walther Paucher singing "Let me go that I may see Jesus," and Alexander Bernewitz who followed the example of Jesus and of Stephen, praying "Father forgive them." Only rarely had soldiers of the cross died for their faith in some uncivilized corner of Asia or Africa.

Even as we heard the tragic news of Russian brutality we would not have believed persecution for religious convictions could happen in enlightened Europe. Today we know better. In East Germany alone a government as brutal as that of the Bolshevists is persecuting Christians for their faith. Even teenage boys and girls feel the scorn and wrath of their autocratic masters when they dare to confess their faith in Christ.

When we think of the costlessness of being known as a Christian in our country our heads should bow in shame. Our freedoms were also bought with a price. If our ancestors had not loved liberty more than life we would not enjoy the right to worship God as we believe. Literally martyr means witness. In that sense we are tested daily.

Physical war may not demand the risk of death from us. Spiritual war never ceases. In the minor compromises we make with our Christian faith we are just as cowardly as those who are afraid to die for their Lord. In many ways the test we face is more subtle. To live for Christ in this non-Christian world is just as demanding as to die for Him. Christ comes first.

November 22

Are You an Evangelist? ACTS 8:4-6, 26-38; JOHN 20:21

There is an angel in the center of that word evangelist. Angel means messenger. The ev with which it begins means good. The evangel is the good message and the one who carries it to his neighbors is an evangelist. The word gospel literally means good word. Gospel and evangel are synonyms. Jesus made it very clear that He expected His disciples to carry the good word of salvation to all the world. On Pentecost, the birthday of the church,

His disciples proved that they had understood Jesus' command and would give their lives to obey it. Most of those who read Christian Herald come from races that would still be pagan if men like Peter and Philip and Paul had not taken Christ seriously. Some of your neighbors may go on living as though there were no God if you do not tell them "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." Evangelism is not for the

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Philip was a broad-gauged Christian, in the best sense of the word. When persecution scattered the Christians from Jerusalem, Deacon Philip heard the call to evangelize in Samaria. That was something for one brought up with the Jewish attitude toward Samaritans. This mixed race was even more despised than the Gentiles, Next he heard God's call to meet and evangelize an African. His tool was God's Word. If we are going to evangelize we must know the evangel. The Bible is not a fetish, an idol, given prominent place on the parlor table, but seldom opened and read. To be a good workman in evangelism we need to know the tools and how to use them. Remember II Timothy 2:15! Thank God this Thanksgiving Day for the open Bible!

November 29

Confronted by Christ

ACTS 4:12; 9:1-9

The truly great miracles of the New Testament are the changes Christ made in the hearts of men. Remember Peter, who denied his Lord, standing before hostile crowds on the Day of Pentecost and not only proclaiming bravely his faith but charging them with responsibility for the crucifixion. That is a conversion indeed, a complete turning about, a complete rebirth into a new man. So with the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. In no other recorded biography is there a more startling change. This is what it means to have Jesus Christ confront a man. Not a casual acceptance of His lordship while life goes on with little change. Saul, whose hatred of Jesus and all He represented was his very breath, becomes Paul ready to risk persecution, and even death for Christ. To live is Christ" became the motive that dominated every day, every hour, until he died.

Whether conversion comes in one majestic moment or as the result of more gradual processes, the "about face" must come, or there is no conversion. The weakness in our American church life is due to the number on our membership rolls who do not go all out for Jesus Christ.

When God has a great task to be done He always has a man ready to undertake it. No one could be better fitted for leadership in the infant church than Paul. He had been educated in the University of Tarsus and in the School of the Rabbis in Jerusalem. He was born a Roman citizen. He was bilingual, proficient in both Greek and Hebrew. No doubt he also knew some Latin. He had been steeped in the Scriptures of his people and was in a position to support his witness to Jesus as the long promised Messiah.

The broad background of his experience helped Paul to overcome the prejudice of his race toward Gentiles. He was statesman enough to see that Christianity had no racial boundaries and that its future must not be limited by Jewish traditions, This Pharisee of Pharisees led the march of Christianity into Europe. His great intellect and thorough education made him the father of Christian theology, still the norm for the twentieth-century church. His integrity, his honesty and sincerity, his certainty that he had met the living Christ-all these gave matchless power to his witness. The importance he gave to the reality of his experience of Christ is proven by the references he made to it in his public utterances.

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N addition to the account of his conversion in this lesson he repeated it in his Jerusalem address, (Acts 22:4) and in his defense before Agrippa. (26:12) He made at least four references to it in letters. (Galatians 1:15, 16; I Corinthians 9:1, 15:8; II Corinthians 4:6).

OVER THE CLIFF

(Continued from page 32)

ambulance made it possible for me to watch what was going on at the wreck scene. The windows were splattered with drops of rain and were a little steamed up but I could still see. After what seemed to be hours, I noticed the small group of men gently place my wife on a stretcher and at that moment I believe I died a little myself.

Then, horrified, I saw one of them slowly pull a blanket over my wife's

The long, slow walk across the wet, weed-saturated field began, but I couldn't watch any longer. I was too stunned even to answer when I heard my son ask, "How's everybody doing, Dad?"

Over and over in my mind the agonizing question hammered: "Why did it have to happen? Why did it have to happen?"

Will you, too, be one of those asking that question before this year is over? Cold, heartless statistics prove that scores of us are destined to die in auto accidents. The cause of the accident means nothing later—not after the ambulance has taken the body of a loved one away.

Our accident, we were told later, was caused by a splotch of crankcase oil spilled on the highway by another vehicle. This, compounded by the wet pavement, sent us into a spin that resulted in our hurtling over a cliff.

Miraculously, Dr. Ernest Lane of the Central Oregon District Hospital at Redmond, Oregon, was able to save our younger daughter's leg. Another Redmond doctor, Robert Unger, also

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HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY 5705-T9 West Lake Street, Chicago 44, Illinois won the battle to save my wife's life, though he told her upon her release a month later, "When I saw you lying at the foot of that cliff, I didn't think there was any use going the rest of the way.

Why was the blanket pulled over my wife's face that gray afternoon? Only to keep the rain from soaking her further, I learned after the stretcher bearers reached the ambulance.

The townspeople of that small Oregon town went far out of their way to make six strangers from Pasadena feel more at home than we had ever before felt in a strange place. Every day we were in the hospital, people would drop in and offer to help us in any way, people we had never seen before.

And while nearly everyone would mention that we should "certainly thank God" for bringing us out of that wreck alive, it was Reverend Mr. Dalton of the Redmond Lutheran Church who really opened our eyes.

During one of his afternoon visits to the hospital my wife said to him, "We haven't been to church for a long time and maybe this accident was God's way of waking us up."

Mr. Dalton smiled and said, "I believe you'll find that He doesn't work that way. God doesn't toss you over a cliff to help you see the light.

As she mentioned this to me a few hours later, she showed no surprise when I frankly admitted that from the split-second we had started hurtling over the embankment, I had never felt closer to God. And we have never again asked that once-burning question, "Why did it have to happen?"

That isn't important any longer. What is important now is that we learned together that He's there all the

time if we seek Him.

But don't you make the same mistake we did. Don't wait to reach out until you and your family are plunging THE END over a cliff.

CALL OF OBERAMMERGAT

(Continued from page 34)

Temple; the upper room; the garden of Gethsemane; the courts of Annas, Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate; the hill of Calvary; the tomb in the garden.

Because the play requires a whole day, there is a break for lunch, usually of two hours, to give the viewers time to relax, seek out a restaurant, open their picnic hampers or take a siesta. As one of our party irreverently put it, the events of the play were either B. D. or A. D.-before dinner or after.

The play is exhausting, there's no denying it. Some people who know no German and fail to catch the religious spirit are frankly bored. Two or three hours, they say, they enjoy, but there's not enough action to hold them for eight hours. (Continued on page 47) The actual voices of Dwight Moody, Ira Sankey, Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith, Peter Marshall and others come to life on . . .

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how to use

church your

By WILLIAM 5. HOCKMAN

Family Films and Filmstrips

Helping Families

Nails and mortar hold together the houses which shelter our bodies but what holds together the individuals who make up our families? The answer to this question presents a task for the church, for it is only religion that can ultimately weld families together. Worship by the families of our churches is expressed in every experience, in recreation, in the give-and-take and the stress of every day life. The Christian home is an ever growing organism, never perfect, but always striving for better understanding, better conditions.

This striving gives the church its opportunity to serve the family. How? Some families are preached at, exhorted, scolded and coaxed. It is now time that we inspire them and show them a better way of living.

And this is just the purpose of a new series of fine, full-color filmstrips with recorded narratives. The titles are: Family Worship, Family Togetherness, Family Recreation, and Family Give and Take. Produced by Family Filmstrips, Inc., this set is available from your A-V dealer or from the producer, 5823 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif. The price complete is \$25.50.

There are two ways to use them. In the first place, I would use them in a series of all-church family-nights. Independent of one another, these filmstrips could be shown in any order and a theme selected for each evening. The theme would be suggested by the filmstrip but I would not use its particular title. I would select the hymns, Scripture and special music to fit the theme. Then I would decide on the closing of the program. I might give a short meditation. I might conduct a discussion, or I might ask a few people to make up a panel to speak first and then open the meeting to general discussion.

The use of this series of filmstrips could be conducted at a series of Sunday-evening services, where they could be somewhat more elaborate. What a splendid way to inspire and direct your families and their friends in building a more effective family life!

The second way to use these filmstrips is similar to the first, although

differing in method. Here I would act as the program adviser of groups, clubs and/or organizations within the church. Every minister functions in this capacity of adviser as do many churchschool superintendents and churchmembers.

In late summer and early fall, program chairmen and group leaders are searching for program ideas. Even the women's groups are looking for ideas. They could greatly benefit from the use of these easy-to-use filmstrips, instead of having speakers, they could build some worthwhile programs around these penetrating filmstrips.

Through worship, through family relationships, as well as through fellowship and fun, our family life can unfold and grow, and through these contributions to living the family can develop a treasure house of spiritual values greater than any outer things to share with those who live and work and worship and love within the home.

Eskimo Film

We wanted a good film for the Junior High group. It was to be an important part of a fellowship supper including their teachers and a few other adults. The context called for fun and enjoyment, yet we did not want a "fun film." Such films quite often turn out to be silly. What should we use? Disney had the answer: Alaskan Eskimo, a new film in his "Peoples and Places" series. It was just the right length-27 minutes and in color. Did it hit the spot? It certainly did! It got a round of spontaneous applause, and that was something new for those teenagers. How pleased, too, the adults!

What did it do for these young people? It made them more deeply aware of their blessings and laid bare many of the superficialities of our complicated way of living. To see this revealing portrait of the intimate family life and work of these great and far-away people brought every one of these young people a little closer to the realities of life. Typical: "Gosh, after seeing that I'll be glad if I don't get half the stuff for Christmas I've been wishing for.'

From Ideal Pictures, 58 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Color, \$10.

h

CALL OF OBERAMMERGAU

(Continued from page 45)

But for most people, there's little chance for flagging interest. Before each scene, there is an elaborate stilllife-a tableau vivant. With live actors and impressive costumes, these flashbacks help tie the stories of the Old Testament to the life of Christ.

Before Christ drives the money-changers from the temple, for example, there is a brief profile of the angel driving Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden. Before the scribes of the Sanhedrin take counsel to capture Jesus, there is a brief tableau of the sons of Jacob, conspiring to sell their brother Joseph.

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Music ties the 16 acts to the tableaux. As the chorus in a Greek play, 50 singers explain the action that has gone before and the action still to come. In effect, they are like an Old Testament Isaiah or Jeremiah, helping keynote the words on the stage.

Though the play demands concentration and what the Germans call sitzfleisch, it is a moving, once-in-alifetime experience. Spellbound, you are scarcely aware of the passage of time. It is as if the words and pictures of the Gospels were spread out in living form, to be heard and seen.

It's good to know something of the play's background-that it's not really professional, since all the actors must be native Oberammergauers-that it's more than 300 years old, the results of a sacred vow in time of plague-that it's given every ten years, except when war intervenes-that it's religious, basically, rather than dramatic.

The "A.D." half of the play depicts the scenes most Christians know best. For many a viewer, the most dramatic moment of the day is the wild shout of the crowd, "Ans Kreuz mit ihm, ans Kreuz mit ihm"-"Let him be crucified, let him be crucified.'

Once the final curtain rings down on Christ's ascension, the scenes from the Passionsspiel will haunt you for months. At least, that was my experience. Back at the Akademie that night, I found it hard to sleep. I got up and walked along the lake. What was it about the Play that had moved me? Was it the glamor, costumes, lighting, staging, music, the mass effect, the overwhelming of the soul, the notion that millions of others had seen it before and been equally moved?

Somehow, there under the lindens, with the ripples lapping the sand, the feeling was hard to pin down. It was as if God had molded the little mountain town of Oberammergau to remind me of what He had done, through Christ-and that I lived forever in His shadow. Of this, the Passion Play had helped to remind me. THE END

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The Thanksgiving-Christmas season is one of great importance to the children of our BETH-EL orphanage in Haifa. The house for the "extension" already purchased but not fully paid for or equipped will permit the admittance of more children.

Dr. Rosenberg, comforting one of our boys

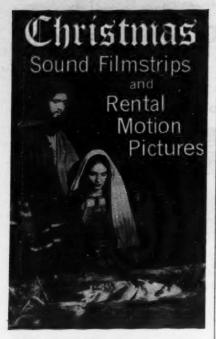
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(Continued from page 29)



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wrote in his diary, "This day Nannie sent a part of her composition to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled her and stirred her up to such a work, to direct it, and bless it, for the good and comfort of many."

God answered his prayer, for "Nannie" was Anne Steele, the first woman whose hymns came to be largely used in hymnbooks. For nearly a century her hymns were sung both in England and America. When Trinity Episcopal Church in Boston, made famous by Phillips Brooks, printed its own hymnbook, of the 152 hymns it contained, 57 were from the pen of Miss Steele, devout daughter of a Baptist minister!

"Nannie's" hymns are still sung. Perhaps, the plaintive "Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss," written in 1760, is the best-loved, because one reads the suffering of her personal tragedy between the lines. When she was 21, the young man to whom she was engaged was drowned the day before the wedding. The shock prostrated Miss Steele, who had always been frail of body, and she became a confirmed invalid, confined to her bed most of the time.

Most of the hymns written by women have come out of personal experiences. "Jemima made it!" So whispered Jemima's little sister to her father who was superintendent of the Sunday school where his older daughter taught. He usually allowed the children to choose the opening hymn.

I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How He called little children as lambs to

His fold—
I should like to have been with Him

then

sang Jemima's class, doing their best.
"Where did that hymn come from?"
demanded the Rev. Thomas Thompson,

of his younger daughters.

"Oh, Jemima made it," they said.

It was over 100 years ago that Jemima Thompson scribbled the words as she jogged along "on some missionary business," in a stagecoach.

A short time before, she had visited a school where the children had marched to a Greek air that she liked. But it had no words. Then God provided a beautiful spring morning, an hour's ride in the coach, a stub of pencil and a used envelope—and the words of that children's hymn "came" to her.

No, little sister, God made it-Jemima merely wrote it. As one reads the lives of these women who sang their religion, it is apparent, above all else, that they had songs in their souls.

One can almost see the holy fire glowing from the pen with which they wrote, or from the scrap of pencil or lump of chalk. They scril words they "heard" on anyth —a bit of wood, a grocery sacl of a bill. Many a first hymn pened to find its way into through such chance channels hastily jotted down on a podrift into some newspaper, printed again and again, an come "a word of power."

In Jemina's case, it was who saved the hymn for the of the Christian world. Without to her, the day after its first sent a copy of it to *The Sund Magazine*, in which it was and so was started on its jou was to lead it to the children foreign mission field.

HE percentage of hymns women, in our church hyn Sunday-school books, compar imposing number written by small. But, somehow, those write steadfastly keep their pl polls of favorites. Seventy ye list of fifty favorite hymns by authors included six by wom of these were by Fannie Crosh Keep Me Near the Cross," Not, O Gentle Saviour," and the Arms of Jesus." The oth "One Sweetly Solemn Thou Phoebe Cary, "More Love to Christ," by Elizabeth Prentis Love to Steal Awhile Away," b H. Brown.

These hymns, or others by authors, appear also in a reco

America's hundred best-loved. No woman writer is bett sented in hymnals of various d tions than Frances Ridley I Six or seven of her hymns a some hymnals. She once wro to explain her gift, "Writing i with me. I never seem to wriverse by myself, and feel like child writing. You know how child would look up at every and say, 'And what shall I as every line He would give merely thought and power, every word—even the very rh

In her hymn for the Ministr Speak to Me, That I May Spe prays that God will "wing he that they may reach "the hidde

of many a heart."

Frances went on to join the choir 80 years ago, yet son every Sunday, God is still win words, as singers hear her me her hymns, "O Saviour, Preciour," "Take My Life, and Le "Who Is on the Lord's Side?

(Continued on page 1

They scribbled the rd" on anything handy grocery sack, the back a first hymn just haps way into a hymnal nee channels as a copy wn on a postcard, to newspaper, to be rend again, and so bepower."

ase, it was her father nymn for the children world. Without a word fter its first singing, he to *The Sunday School* nich it was published, ed on its journey that the children of many a field.

te of hymns written by church hymnals and boks, compared to the revitten by men, is show, those they do keep their place in the Seventy years ago, a te hymns by American six by women. Three Fannie Crosby—"Jesus, the Cross," "Pass Me aviour," and "Safe In is." The others were, olemn Thought," by lore Love to Thee, O beth Prentiss, and "I nile Away," by Phoebe

or others by the same dso in a recent list of ed best-loved hymns. riter is better repreof various denominaes Ridley Havergal. her hymns appear in ne once wrote, trying t, "Writing is praying seem to write even a and feel like a little u know how a little up at every sentence nat shall I say next?' I do. I ask that at vould give me, not and power, but also the very rhyme."

the Ministry, "Lord, at I May Speak," she vill "wing her words" ch "the hidden depths

n to join the heavenly go, yet somewhere, d is still winging her hear her message in viour, Precious Savife, and Let It Be," Lord's Side?" "Trued on page 102)





Over and over again-It's the same old story...

Finally a formula that really works

"I was ashamed to always be so tired!"



ALWAYS felt simply "run-down." People were thinking of me as a "spoil-sport." I didn't know why until my doctor put me wise. He told me that I acted like a woman much older than myself, and explained why I felt "tired," why my husband and family were beginning to think of me as the "old girl." He told me how a vitamin-mineral deficiency could bring on these symptoms — rob me of the

could bring on these symptoms—rob me of the joys of living . . . and suggested that I supplement my diet with pep building vitamins and minerals.

Well, I put off doing anything about my condition—until one day I read the vitasafe ad in a magazine offering a 30-day trial supply of high-potency Vitasafe C.F. Capsules! I figured that I had nothing to lose, so I mailed the coupon. When my trial supply arrived, I began taking one Capsule a day. In a short time I began to feel like a new woman! My pep and energy increased, I continued with the Vitasafe Plan and felt more energetic!

Today, no one thinks of me as being "worn-out any more. I feel peppier and more energetic than I have in years. And you may, too! Take advantage of this sensational trial offer as I did!

"Why Does Daddy S o Much?"

SOMETIMES I couldn't blame my little boy for wondering. It seems as though the only thing my husband enjoyed was SLEEP! He would come home from work completely worn-out, often he skipped supper and fell right into bed. What kind of companionship was this for his children, his friends, his wife? My husband was such an energetic man. But for some reason he now

seemed too tired to do anything. I wondered what I could do to help him.

Then one day I saw a Vitasafe ad in a magazine. It told how many otherwise normally healthy men and women could easily lose their pep and energy because of a prolonged deficiency of essential vitamins and minerals in their diets. The ad revealed that thousands of men and women Maybe this Plan could help my husband too.

I sent for the 30-day trial supply that was offered, and when they arrived, my husband started taking one a day. Before long my husband

was like his old self again — peppy, energetic and wide awake! If you want to help your husband as I did mine, mail the postcard for

your 30-day trial supply without risking a penny.



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Do You Wonder What Makes You SO DARN TIRED?



USED to feel weak and run-down from the moment I woke up in the morning to the time I tumbled into bed at night. Believe me, taking care of a home and family is a hard enough job even when you feel good. But trying to be a good mother and wife when you barely have the strength to move around would make any woman a wreck!

you barely have the strength to move around would make any woman a wreck! I found myself getting upset by almost everything. I became cross and irritable with the children. I'd start arguments with my husband over the smallest things. I finally decided to see our family foctor.

finally decided to see our family foctor.

After examining me, the doctor explained that my tiredness and nervousness was caused by a lack of important vitamins and minerals in my diet. This deficiency, he explained, caused otherwise normally healthy men and women to feel run-down and irritable. To help correct my condition he recommended I add a good food supplement to my daily diet.

to my daily diet.

I sent away for a trial supply of Vitasafe
High-Potency Capsules that I had seen advertised. In just a few weeks my energy
came back. I felt like a new woman and was
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TODAY!



dont forget about Poetry

CHRISTMAS is coming! And if you return from a shopping trip in a wearied state, with your Christmas gift list as mussed and bedraggled as you, and feel you had small success with your shopping, it is safe to guess you didn't shop for books.

Christmas giving should be a joy. It can be, for you and the receiver. Shelves of any book store offer choice wares from which you can quickly and easily select the "right" gift for any member of your family or for any friend. For my part, I am partial to the poetry shelves.

A book of poems is, I think, the perfect gift for any age.
"But people on my gift list wouldn't want poetry," you say. How do you know? From long experience of reading poetry to various groups of women, men and young people, I find that most grown
(Continued on page 69)

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54

Peter Marshall's memorable sermons on Christmas.

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McGRAW-HILL

By EDMUND FULLER

hat our books tell us about ourselves

THE Pharisees might have invoked the idea that a man is known by the company he keeps when they criticized Jesus for companying with publicans and sinners. The generalization—as is usual with such—proved wrong. So I will resist the temptation to say that a nation is known by the books it reads-that is too simple. More modestly, I will simply claim that we can learn some things about our culture-which means about ourselves-by the patterns of our reading.

For one thing, we read fewer books, in proportion to our population, than any other literate nation in the world, by a very wide gap. A dismaying number of our 170-odd million people never read any book after they have left school or college in which some reading was inescapable. A comparison of the sales and probable readership figures for the most sensational bestsellers with the number of potential readers is instructive. Peyton Place is one of the major modern best-sellers. To suppose that fifty to seventy-five million people have read it would be a very large assumption and would still leave a vast reserve of Americans who never read books at all, even at the taste level of Peyton Place.

An instructive book for someone who would like to brood about our national reading habits, past and present, can be found in any large public library. It is Sixty Years of Best Sellers, 1895-1955, by Alice Payne Hackett.

Within that span of years, C. M. Sheldon's In His Steps, leads the list. Gone With the Wind is near the top. Peyton Place would be there if the survey were current. The chill settles in when we discover that Mickey Spillane has seven of the first ten bestsellers in fiction, for a grand total (all seven) of 27,442,897 copies, Close on his heels is Erskine Caldwell, whose career began with the promise of real artistry and ability, but who degenerated early and permanently to the level of absolute shoddy, prolifically produced. Caldwell claims five out of the first 14 best-sellers in fiction, with a number of other titles slightly farther down on the list.

The picture in non-fiction is markedly different, but not exactly heartening as a cultural testimony. The leading non-fiction item is Dr. Spock's book of child and baby care, followed by a considerable parade of cookbooks, Oursler's The Greatest Story Ever Told, and Hurlbut's Story of the Bible (the only item that occasions me any rejoicing, as I was reared on it and have used it with my own children).

There is no need to pursue this examination minutely. It gives us a quick index to the nearest thing to a mass market for books in America. The item conventionally left out from such figures, of course, is the Bible itself, sales of which I fear we may assume

(Continued on page 56)

Mr. Fuller is the author of Man in Modern Fiction, published last year by Random House.

The long-awaited autobiography of the CHRISTIAN HERALD'S beloved editor

Dr. Daniel A. Poling
MINE EYES
HAVE SEEN

Few men in our time have known such a magnificent life of adventure, dedication and service as Dr. Dan. Now, at last, he has written his own extraordinary story. It's a wonderful saga that takes you from Dan Poling's pioneer boyhood in Oregon, down through 75 rich and productive years to his present eminence as a world-renowned spiritual leader.

In MINE EYES HAVE SEEN Dr. Poling tells of his remarkable family which includes seven generations of ministers... of his own first sermon at age 19 (before a congregation of 3)... and of his absorbing experiences in politics as the Prohibitionist candidate for Governor of Ohio, and more recently as the Republican candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia.

He writes with candor and conviction of his selfless work as Chaplain in two world wars, and the Korean War; describes his deepest personal heartbreak – the loss of his son Clark, one of the four Chaplains who went down with their ship the Dorchester in World War II . . . and gives a fascinating account of his experiences as a famous New York minister, editor of the Christian Herald, teacher and dauntless crusader for many worthy causes.

With warmth and enthusiasm he shares his remarkable friendships with most of the important people of his time. These include ten American presidents, and such world leaders of thought and action as Albert Schweitzer and Winston Churchill.

Every Christian Herald reader will want to own a copy of Dr. Dan's MINE EYES HAVE SEEN. From its rewarding pages of adventure, friendship and consecration, you will receive a true vision of the greatness and the simplicity of an inspired Christian life.

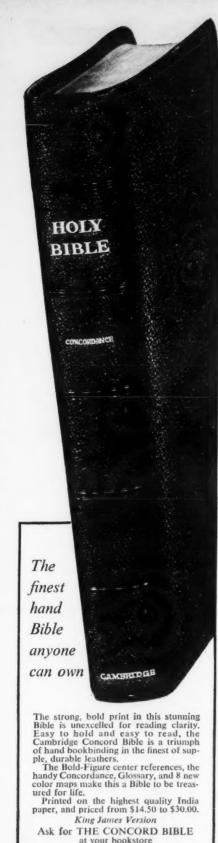
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"A thrilling experience in reading ... rich in interest, pathos, humor and spirituality."—NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

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Photograph by Larry Keighley, courtesy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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to run somewhat ahead of the individual reading of it.

In general, the mass audience book seems to cater to the stomach, the libido (in one form or another), or the spirit,

A good many of us love violence, actually or vicariously, and associate our violence with sex (or you could turn the statement around). Spillane is testimony to that, and so, at a more skillful level, is one of the past year's big sellers, Anatomy of a Murder, by Robert Traver. Perversion, in various shadings, with or without violence, is the other principal ingredient in the sex formula. Perhaps the shadings have never been more subtle more

have never been more subtle, more intermingled with a highly advanced literary craftsmanship, and shored up by critical accolades than in the repellent current best-seller, *Lolita*, by

Vladimir Nabokov.

OW all such books, the shoddy and the skillful, the crude and the subtle, have in common, beyond the elements of mass appeal, the circumstances that they tell us a certain fact about ourselves-that fact which Sabina, in Thornton Wilder's wonderful synopsis of human history, The Skin of Our Teeth, asserts with the words: "We're all just as wicked as we can be-and that's the God's truth." There is no harm in telling us that-indeed, it could be a service, for we desperately need to be aware of it. Yet in numerous cases, the modern writers who tell us that much of the truth carry along with this elementary knowledge of ourselves the ideas that it doesn't really matter, that we are all uniformly wicked in the same ways, that there is no other significant aspect to human nature and that nothing can be done about it.

If this is the limit of what the books assert about us, then they are false. The lie in literature generally is not in the actions presented, but in the inferences drawn from them. The sweetness-and-light books lie, too, but the happy, oversimplified, optimistic lie is much more palatable to some than is the total truth about the nature of man. The responsible artist and critic is seeking always for the richest balance.

The violent and repellent books tell us, too, about the state of mind of many of the gifted, articulate, and observant people of our time who write them. This is valuable knowledge, for it is the artists—even the minor or mediocre ones—who most sensitively detect and reflect the peculiar pressures and tensions of an age. Perhaps the accuracy of this detection and reflection has its index in the degree of mass acceptance. Many people desire to read about what

they feel stirring in their own minds or hearts, or what they see about them. The great—even the very good—artist always goes beyond these two steps, of detection and reflection, adding to them the vital one of interpretation.

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As significant as what the books assert about us and disclose about their writers is what their wide acceptance reveals about our culture. Lust, violence, greed, vanity and the quest for power are deep in human nature. Yet their manifestations fluctuate noticeably in various areas. All are notably responsive to tension. The years of World War II, the continuing state of cold and hot war since, and the shadow of the hydrogen bomb and the ICBM are an unprecedented combination of tensions. So it is that we see age-old human characteristics in conspicuous manifestations, together with the loss or challenge of values in many quarters, and a large mass preoccupation with the immediate and temporary, the sensory and the distracting.

It is not only our books, but our plays, our films, our television, our newspapers and our magazines that display these symptoms. Books, being the most free of all media (may they remain so!), show us the greatest extremes. Sensational books are for many the vicarious outlet for what they cannot or dare not consciously define, explain or identify within them-

selves.

Some of our finest books have found the big audience, often without the aid of any advance ballyhoo. Such was the case with Alan Paton's superb Cry, the Beloved Country and James Agee's beautiful A Death in the Family. It is not just the topical-political appeal (important as that is) that has elevated Dr. Zhivago to a best-seller; it is also the picture of the profound and anguished quest for truth and integrity in the revolutionary context of this century.

Our general non-fiction represents a number of quests. One of them, as ever, is for amusement, or "escape," in an innocent enough sense, for relief from constant tension is a necessity. Books of the genre of *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* cater to this need.

RECENT years have seen the surprising popularity of archaeology, as in Heyerdahl's Aku-Aku. Consider Rachel Carson's The Sea Around Us, and many books of exploration, including speculations about the exploration of space. All such books are a combination of significant, worth-while information with a welcome aspect of "escape" in the sense of lifting our eyes from the commonplace and the immediate to larger, more reflective frames of ref-

erence. These interests are, on the whole, a credit to us.

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So, too, is the level of superior topical interest that brings big sales for such books as Gunther's *Inside Russia Today*, or books on the dilemmas of the atomic era.

Much good biography interprets for us either contemporary lives, or those of other eras which indirectly illuminate events and character in our own.

Another important category in nonfiction is that of sociological scrutiny of our ways of living. Wide acceptance of such devastating studies as *The Lonely Crowd, The Organization Man,* and *The Crack in the Picture Window* keep alive the vital capacity for social self-criticism. We need more of this.

If we, as a people, show ourselves on a large scale to be addicted to our vices and violences, or to be craving panaceas in place of a spiritual life, it is also true that we show ourselves to be hungry for evidences of man's capacity for love and nobility, for worship and salvation and for information and responsible guidance in the peculiar and terrible problems of

the age we live in. The catch-the question-lies in the numbers. If the people who are willing to read in order to think, who are willing to be upset and disquieted rather than titillated or soothed by their reading, remain a minority-and it is not hard to predict that they will so remain-the outlook is discouraging, unless that minority shows itself capable of exerting a tremendous power of leadership, influence, and example. I am not a crystal gazer and cannot say what it all means. Like Reinhold Niebuhr, I am a short-range pessimist and a long-range optimist; the optimism, of course, is premised upon God and not upon man. One could predict from most of our mass-level reading, a continued sinking into mediocrity and collective irresponsibility. Yet one could predict from the level of minority reading, the survival and potential growth of that thoughtful, creative minority who, in the miracles of history, sometimes have been able to arouse a declining people-and sometimes have not. The event, as always, will have to disclose itself.

As there are all sorts and conditions of men, so there are all sorts and conditions of books. When you study the books you study the men—for the men produce them and the men read them. In part—but be cautious of either sweeping or partial conclusions—if you study what a man reads, individually on as a people, you discover what it is that he is seeking. Ask yourself about it, too.

THE END

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Frances Fox Sandmel. Illus. by Sylvia Roman. The story of two boys growing up side by side in differing religious faiths.

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An English Teacher Looks at the Two Bibles

THE DEFENDERS of the King James Version justly claim that nothing can ever surpass the influence it has had on English literature. Not only its thoughts, but the dignity and rhythm of its language have passed into the life and history of English-speaking peoples. This "Authorized Version" (AV) deserves from us the gratitude of continuing to love it and read it.

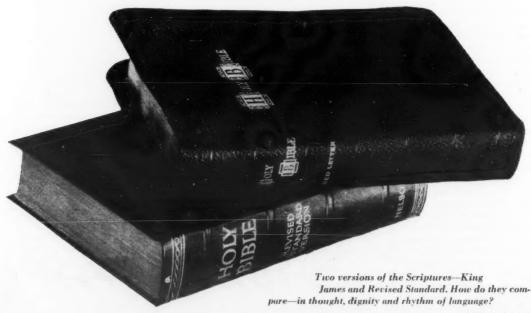
There is much also to be said on behalf of the Revised Standard Version (RSV). It is published in the language of today, with the added clarifications provided by the last

three-and-a-half centuries.

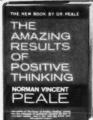
As a lay Christian—a retired schoolteacher, in fact—who does not know the original languages of the Bible, I am glad to have both versions. I find it stimulating and inspiring to compare them. I'm not up to making theological comparisons, for I am not a theologian. My interest is in words, meaning, ideas. My look at the "two Bibles" is a schoolteacherish kind of look.

I knew when the RSV was published that it would use modern spellings and verb forms and substitute our present usage for some outmoded terms. But not until I read the changed places did I realize that "unto," "straightway," "all things" and many others of the old words and phrases were not in our daily vocabulary. Nor had I realized how much a slight change in the order of words could affect rhythm. I suppose that because of my early memorizations I find "all that in them is" (Continued on page 84)

By CHARLOTTE B. DeFOREST







THE AMAZING RESULTS OF POSITIVE THINKING

"More than two million readers of The Power of Positive Thinking have been waiting for The Amazing Results of Positive Thinking. Now, overflowing these

pages, are the answers. Here are the stories of those who read and practiced positive thinking. The experiences come from every level and condition of life... the actual experiences of men and women who have proved in their own lives the power of positive thinking. Here is a book you simply cannot escape. Surely this man, Norman Vincent Peale, who has done so much for so many is God-sent."

-DANIEL A. POLING, Christian Herald \$3.50

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

"Without precedent in the religious, and perhaps in any other field... at least ten million men and women, young and older, have read this book, and millions more have been blessed by its ministry." -DANIEL A. POLING \$3.50

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Dr. Peale understands the problems of teenagers as few men do—and this ideal Christmas gift shows, in story after story, how young people can change their lives for the better. Illustrated \$2.95

THE COMING OF THE KING

Here is the story of the Nativity, reverently told for children, and illustrated with beautiful two-color drawings by the distinguished artist, William Moyers. Truly a yuletide gift that will be treasured

HE WAS A CHILD

The childhood of Jesus is the subject of this inspiring book which brings to young readers the im-plicit message that they, too, are the children of God. Illustrated in full color and black and white by Rafaello Busoni,

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE THE LIVING STORY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

Two electrifying talents are combined in this exciting, inspiring new book-the powerful writing style of Dr. Bowie, coupled with the unusually realistic artwork of Douglas Rosa. The result is a superb and comprehensive re-telling of the New Testament for readers of all ages. In addition to his line drawings, the artist has provided 23 beautiful full-color illustrations.

PAT BOONE'S 'TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY

Pat's life is living proof that sound religious principles form the basis for true happiness. This bestselling book talks sincerely and frankly to teenagers in their own language. "You can't afford to miss it. This is definitely a self-help book for boys and girls with inspiration and practical guidance for their parents and friends as well."

—DANIEL A. POLING, Christian Herald \$2.95

WILLIAM E. HULME GOD, SEX AND YOUTH

The Christian view of sex as it concerns young people's own attitudes and their relationships with others in dating, courtship, engagement, and marriage. Give this book to parents or clergymen to help them counsel teenagers-to teenagers so they may understand and help themselves.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC. ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS . NEW JERSEY



THE LEARNED MEN

by Gustavus S. Paine

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY . New York 16, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by DANIEL A. POLING RUTH M. ELMQUIST Pos pag

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DOCTOR IDA, The Story of Ida Scudder of India, by Dorothy Clarke Wilson (McGraw Hill, N.Y., 320 pp., \$4.95).

In the opinion of this reviewer, Dr. Ida is the most dramatic missionary book of the decade and Dr. Ida, herself, is just about the incomparable missionary stateswoman of the generation, through which she has lived and served. A great surgeon and doctor, she has been equally great as an administrator and educator. Never shall I forget my days spent with her in hospital and school and on the Indian road where she went with her mobile clinic. Physically a beautiful woman, she was exquisite in her human understanding. Under the camphor trees, I saw her administer to leper women and men and little children. I was shocked when I realized that her hands we'e ungloved. But when I remonstrated, she smiled and said, "I take every precaution. There are no abrasions on my hands. And it means infinite things for these sufferers to come to them as I do.

One morning at breakfast after a crowded preceding day, she was a little late. When she came to the table she told us of an emergency case-a woman who had been brought over the rough, oxtraveled roads for an operation that could not be delayed-and that she had risen to perform it at three o'clock that morning. In Ida Scudder is the glory and the wonder of the whole overseas enterprise of the Christian Church. In this volume she comes alive to the readers. It is written with understanding and literary skill. Here is a book for every Christian family and indeed for every literate family in America. A selection of Christian Herald's Fam-

ily Bookshelf .- D.A.P.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS, by Joy Snell (Citadel, N.Y., 190 pp., \$4.95).

This book is another Intra Muros, which more than half a century ago was one of t' e most popular mystical publications of the David C. Cook Company. Now again the reader is given the high mystical experiences-dreams and revelations-of an author who writes with clarity and conviction. Read in the spirit of the one who has written, the book will help and not hinder Christian faith.-D.A.P.

THE AMAZING RESULTS OF POSI-TIVE THINKING, by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (Prentice-Hall, N.Y., \$3.50).

This is it! More than two million readers of The Power of Positive Thinking have been waiting for The Amazing Results of

Positive Thinking. Now, overflowing these pages, are the answers. Here are the stories of those who read and practiced positive thinking. The experiences come from every level and condition of life. Among the letters are some of the most poignant I have ever read: A woman who can neither spell nor punctuate but who thrills your heart and draws tears from your eyes; a frustrated golfer who became a national champion by practicing positive thinking; a young mother who achieved the impossible in childbirth.

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Chapter headings such as these capture the imagination of the reader; "Does Positive Thinking Always Work?" and the answer is "Yes" as proved; "Precondition Your Mind to Success"—and you can do it; "No More Failure for You"; "The Kind of People People Like"—and how you become that kind; "There Can Be Lots of Fun in Life"—fun for you; "What To Do About What You Are Afraid Of"—and you never need fear again; "How To Handle Your Difficulty"; "Better Health Through Positive Thinking"—and multiplied stories of those who found it; "How To Be Married and Enjoy It"; and the final chapter, though there are many others, "You Can Become Strongest in Your Weakest Place."

The editorial material is succinct and dramatic. The illustrations are the actual experiences of men and women who have proved in their own lives the power of positive thinking. Here is a book you simply cannot escape. Surely this man, Norman Vincent Peale, who has done so much for so many is God-seat. Family Bookshelf selection.—D.A.P.

THE BEGINNING ANTIQUE COL-LECTOR'S HANDBOOK, by Ann Kilborn Cole (McKay, N.Y., \$3.95).

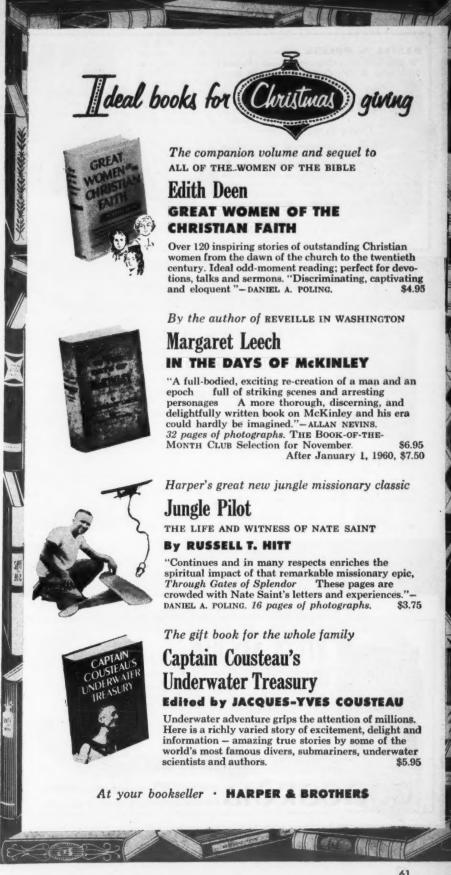
This is a delightful and well organized introduction to the art of collecting antiques. While it covers the ABC's of the beginning collector, it also contains valuable information for the person who already has such interests. Especially useful is the "Guide to 1,000 Items to Collect" for the person who likes to browse in shops. Collecting can prove an introduction, to many interesting people, an enjoyable pasttime, but also a way of personalizing history and the past as this book shows.—R.M.E.

A BESS STREETER ALDRICH TREAS-URY, Intro. by Robert S. Aldrich (Appleton-Century-Crofts, N. Y., \$4.95).

The name of Bess Streeter Aldrich has become endeared to the American reading public. This treasury contains two of Mrs. Aldrich's most successful novels, A Lantern in Her Hand and Miss Bishop, plus a collection of short stories and an autobiographical treatise titled I Remember. Those who have begun to despair at many of the current fiction titles will find their faith in humanity renewed by reading or rereading these classics of American pioneer life. A Family Bookshelf dividend.—R.M.E.

LIVING FAITHS, Edited by R. C. Zaehner (Hawthorn, N.Y., 431 pp., \$12.95).

This is the concise, eloquently edited, and beautifully illustrated encyclopedia of major faiths. It is a prize volume for libraries, both private and public. The





book is divided into two main parts. Part one is "Prophecy" and part two is "Wisdom." Judaism; Christianity: the Early Church; Christianity: the Eastern Schism and the Eastern Orthodox Church; Christianity: St. Thomas and Medieval Theology; Christianity: Protestantism; Christianity: the Catholic Church since the Reformation; Islam; and Zoroastrianism are treated by master scholars in their respective fields,

In the second part, the continuing great religions of the East are brought to the reader by competent scholars in their fields. Particularly impressive is "A New Buddha and a New Tao" written by the editor, R. C. Zaehner. The indexing of the plates and other illustrations is particularly effective.—D.A.P.

THE MAGIC OF BRINGING UP YOUR CHILD, by Frances R. Horwich (McGraw-Hill, N.Y., 256 pp., \$3.95).

Those parents who have had their preschool children come under the influence of "Miss Frances" of the famous TV program, Ding Dong School, especially will welcome this book as a guide and prompter in understanding their offspring, Such subjects as "Do You Enjoy Your Child?" "Books and Storytelling," "Growing Child and Growing Parents" are discussed with warmth and magic. Good for teachers, Sunday-school teachers, as well as parents.—R.M.E.

A BOOK OF PUBLIC PRAYERS, by Harry Emerson Fosdick (Harper, N.Y., 191 pp., \$3).

One of the most fluid and easily read writers of the church in his generation has written a book of public prayers that will be found invaluable for laymen and clergymen alike. I have read them and continue to read them with profit. Since my public prayers are not from manuscript and never read, these eloquent, humble and soul-enriching paragraphs are particularly suggestive.—D.A.P.

WHY WE BELIEVE IN CREATION NOT IN EVOLUTION, by Fred John Meldau (Christian Victory, Denver, 341 pp., \$3.75).

This author affirms, with a certain literary and theological authority, that from the universe, the earth, the atom—and from the body and mind of man—come irrefutable witness of God and creation. For the non- or anti-evolutionist, this is the timeliest book of the decade.—D.A.P.

BEST SERMONS, 1959-1960, Protestant Edition, Edited by G. Paul Butler (Crowell, N.Y., 304 pp., \$3.95).

The seventh in an eminent series, this volume offers 42 sermons representing many denominations, all shades of theological persuasion and five European countries as well as the U.S. Three sermons by laymen are also included. In the Easter and Lenten sermon category is Dr. Daniel A. Poling's stirring, "There Is No Death," preached last year at the Sunrise service in Arlington National Cemetery. Here is a book to provide inspiration, provocation, motivation, and a finger to the theological wind besides.—Kenneth L. Wilson

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VIEWS OF THE BIBLICAL WORLD (Arco, N.Y., 303 pp., \$19.95).

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This magnificent volume, and the word magnificent is well used both as to editorial content and illustrations, has been produced in its entirety in Israel, the land of the Bible. It is, I think, the first major, comprehensive attempt to illustrate from contemporary objects and new discoveries the more important passages of the Bible. Indeed, it is the only attempt up to now. The photographs are brilliant-360 of them in full color-and the relevant text along with descriptive and explanatory notes appears side by side with the pictures. Inevitably this volume will make a definite contribution to a more intimate understanding of the Bible itself.-D.A.P.

ORDE WINGATE: A Biography by Christopher Sykes (World, Cleveland, 575 pp., \$6).

A volume of nearly 600 pages that reads like a great historical novel! Winston Churchill described Orde Wingate as "a man of genius who might well have become also a man of destiny." Wingate was killed at the height of his powers at the age of 41, not in battle where he wished to have passed but in an airplane disaster. His achievements are written all over the map of the world. In Palestine he revealed his military genius first in organizing patrols against Arab terrorists. Today, he is still known in Israel as "The Friend." In Ethiopia, in Burma, throughout Asia, and across England, the name Wingate became the talisman of the reckless and brave. A tremendously vital and dramatic biography.-D.A.P.

CONVERSION, by E. Stanley Jones (Abingdon, Nashville, 253 pp., \$3.25).

What is conversion? How does it come about? And what are its lasting effects? In this book, which is one of the distinguished author's most timely and convincing, the entire subject is dealt with intimately. I recommend it as at once the most helpful and reassuring volume that I have read in this vital field.—D.A.P.

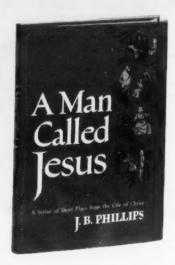
THE ANATOMY OF FREEDOM, by Judge Harold Medina (Henry Holt, N.Y., \$3.50).

Says Judge Medina in this book of speeches given before various civic and educational groups since the 1949 trial of the 11 Communist leaders, "... once I heard Woodrow Wilson say, 'If you don't use your muscles, pretty soon you won't have any muscles.' The principle is the same with the development of intellectual powers and creative powers and character building," And that development is precisely what the author discusses in his addresses on liberal education, the arts, loyalty, the "whole man" and American rights—to name a few of his topics.

Describing himself as a "natural born

Describing himself as a "natural born nonconformist" who was "trained as a humanist," Harold Medina advises today's students to reconsider their quest for material security and to concentrate instead on developing their talents to the fullest—the only real security. His advice to parents—do not attempt to make your son a lawyer if he wants to be an artist, musi-





A series of dramatic sketches based on significant phases in the life of Christ by the distinguished translator of *The New Testament in Modern English*, J. B. Phillips.

The series starts with the first public appearance of the boy Jesus when He talks to the Elders in the Temple, and ends with a moving reconstruction of the crucifixion as witnessed by the soldiers, by Nicodemus, and bystanders.

Schools, churches and clubs will find these plays admirably suited to simple dramatization. Parents, teachers and children will welcome them in book form.

The individual reader will find them especially satisfying.

Using the same direct speech and simple, dignified language that so distinguish his translations, J. B. Phillips makes a notable contribution to the field of dramatic literature with this new book, A Man Called Jesus. \$2.50

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The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Avenue
New York 11, New York

cian, teacher-let him choose his own life work!

Young adults should find the Judge's views refreshingly individual, his language direct and his discussions to the point; older folks will think him a bit pontifical, perhaps, but that, says Harold Medina, is the result of being "judgey."—Frances H. Lee

WHAT NEXT, DR. PECK?, by Joseph H. Peck, M.D. (Prentice-Hall, N.Y., 209 pp., \$3.50).

Here is the factual but reading-like-fiction story of Dr. Peck, frontier doctor and pioneer in Utah. He is everywhere, and just about everything is included. The loves, the feuds, the births, the dyings, the robberies, wild horses and wilder men and women are all here, and Dr. Peck treated them all. Unmistakably he learned a lot not found in Osler's Principles and Practices of Medicine, but also he found enduring love—the love of a girl as courageous as Dr. Peck himself. Also, the narrative is at times hilarious. For mature readers.—D.A.P.

KINGSTREE ISLAND, by John Ehle (William Morrow, N.Y., 281 pp., \$3.75).

A novel of elemental emotions, dramatized by the physical blindness, by the seer-like vision of the ruthless man who dominated the island's life and economy. The youth who made the invasion wins out at last against all but insuperable odds. Here is adventure, both moral and physical.—D.A.P.

MY FRIENDS THE MISS BOYDS, by Jane Duncan (St. Martin's Press, N.Y., 283 pp., \$3.95).

Imagine six giggling, tall, skinny, bespectacled, silly "old maids" who cannot control their extreme hunger for the companionship of men in a small village in the Scottish Highlands which takes pride in its pretty girls and aggressive males! Then try to picture a few of these women—all of an age at which they should know better than to encourage sailors to chase them around gardens in the dark—constantly trying to change their unmarried state? Such is the character of the Miss Boyds.

And Jane Duncan presents these incorrigible but lovable ladies to the reader as they appear to an eight-year-old village girl, who eventually makes them her "friends." Quite naturally she cannot understand the attitude of her grown-up family and acquaintances toward the Miss Boyds, and the result is a subtle satire on the conventions of the adult world. First in a series of "My Friends" books, this is a sophisticated and delightful personality sketch. Not for church libraries.—F.H.L.

THE RIDDLE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC-ISM, by Jaroslav Pelikan (Abingdon, Nashville, 258 pp., \$4).

The title, with a sub-title, tells the story. If you would know the Roman Catholic Church, its majesty and its magic, its mystery and what Protestants regard as its superstition, you will find it on these pages. The author is at least friendly to the idea of eventual union with Rome. He is of the opinion that "the time may well come . . . when Protestantism will be faced with

ultimatives more terrible than union." Whether or not the reader accepts this conclusion, he may at least agree that "Protestants and Roman Catholics can begin to face one another across the great divide, to pray for one another if not with one another . . ."—D.A.P.

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MEET THE CONGO, by John Gunther (Harper, N.Y., 254 pp., \$2.95).

A typical Gunther book, illuminated by Grisha's striking drawings, it will be found attractive to the adult and the teenager.—D.A.P.

WOLFE AT QUEBEC, by Christopher Hibbert (World Publishing, Cleveland, 194 pp., \$4.50).

The dramatic story of the strange, not psycopathic, English conqueror of Montcalm. Eccentric he was and this biographer does not spare him. The story of the siege and the battle on the Plains of Abraham which the author here dramatically describes, is "as readable as it is authentic." —D.A.P.

STATION WAGON IN SPAIN, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, N.Y., 299 pp., \$3.95).

A characteristic and swiftly moving novel by an author who has established herself in the field of suspense fiction. There is intrigue and chicanery, love, frustration and achievement. The writer is always a devout Roman Catholic, though her writings are never an offense to Protestants.—D.A.P.

BATTLE: THE STORY OF THE BULGE, by John Toland (Random House, N.Y., 400 pp., \$5).

This book is terrific. It is simply appalling in the factual detail with which it tells the story of Hitler's greatest gamble in World War II and of what is in the opinion of many military authorities "the greatest pitched battle ever fought by Americans." Here you have spread out and then compacted together the record of how close Hitler came to achieving one of the most amazing turnabouts in military history. If any book of this kind can be made unanswerable, here it is. To those who were there and I was there afterward but still close enough to the event to see bodies brought out of the snow drifts, this volume is both encyclopedic and with a thrill of terrifying fiction. Nothing like it has appeared in the postwar period.-D.A.P.

THIS IS MY GOD, by Herman Wouk (Doubleday, N.Y., 356 pp., \$3.95).

One of the most distinguished Jewish laymen of the generation and one of the most successful novelists and playwrights has written the ultimate book of our time on his people and faith—ultimate not in any theological sense but so far as his interpreting Judaism itself to Jew and Christian alike. Writing with clarity, drama and a dynamic urge that cannot be denied, Mr. Wouk nevertheless includes humor of the ironic sort. This volume will do more, I think, to open the mystery of Judaism to the non-Jew than anything that has been written in a generation. Always present, page after page, is the sensitive, eloquent

touch of a man who chooses to be what he is .- D.A.P.

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ALASKA, U.S.A., by Herb and Miriam Hilscher (Little, Brown, Boston, \$4).

Nearly everyone's imagination has been stimulated by the admission of Alaska to the Union. However, before anyone contemplates emigrating to Alaska the Hil-schers wish to remind him that the cost of living in the North is from 19 to 55 per cent above that of Washington and Oregon, that Alaska by now has developed her own unemployment problem and that individualism as was once in evidence in her frontier towns has disappeared with the advent of two World Wars, airplanes and "civilization."

Yet in spite of their sometimes disillusioning portrait of Alaska, U.S.A., the authors do give the reader a helpful description of life in the "49th." Servicemen and their wives, in particular, will find the chapters on their possible tours of duty in the state enlightening, and persons heretofore ready to pack their bags and jump right into a "new life" may change their minds after they read the Hilschers' account.-F.H.L.

BEYOND SURVIVAL, by Max Ways (Harner, N.Y., 250 pp., \$4).

This volume comes out of a study initiated by Henry R. Luce, editor-in-chief of the Time, Inc. publications. The author, who was foreign editor and national affairs editor of Time and who was at this writing chief of the Time-Life London Bureau, was asked to undertake a review of United States military policy and foreign policy in the postwar period. Ways turned away from such a review and has produced a prophetic approach to the renewal of our American public policy. You may not agree with all the findings and projections, but you cannot escape being challenged by them.—D.A.P.

GUIDEPOSTS TO A STRONGER FAITH, edited by Norman Vincent Peale (Guideposts Associates, Carmel, N.Y., 308 pp., \$3.95).

The very remarkable pocket-size (now million circulation) Guideposts, unique in both editorial content and make-up, has scored another first. Sixty-five interesting personalities share their spiritual discoveries in this inspirational volume, Among the contributors are Catherine Marshall, Victor Riesel, Colonel Dean Hess, Pat Boone, Marjorie Rambeau, Walter Hoving, Herb Score, General Carlos P. Romulo, and many others. On these crowded pages the most vivid personalities of stage, screen, athletics, business and literature open their hearts and tell their intimate stories. This is a book for you.-D.A.P.

HORIZON (Horizon, N.Y., 135 pp., \$3.95).

The Sept. '59 issue of Horizon is impressive. It is beautifully illustrated, in color and in black and white. The article about Peter the Great is particularly timely and the illustrations are irresistible. Four pages of photographs in color reveal the exotic ritual dances of Ceylon, In this issue are 14 articles, illustrated with 147 pictures, 36 of which are in full color.-D.A.P.

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BOOKS I HAVE KNOWN

THE other day a friend was telling me about browsing among the shelves of books in a public library. "I came across so many old book friends," she said, "echoes of reading pleasure out of the past—books like Just David; Gene Stratton Porter's Freckles; In His Steps; The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come; The Little Colonel Series; the Zane Grey Books; Ellen Glasgow's novels; The Magnificent Obsession. Isn't it odd," she added, "that one can all but forget books like these so soon?"

Yes, it is odd. Yet the short memory of the reading public is a fact that every publisher knows and deplores. We cheat ourselves in allowing so many hundreds of fine, helpful books to slip

so quickly into the limbo of forgotten titles.

It is also true that these old books, particularly in the religious field, often make better reading than those high on the lists of current favorites. For the passing drama of the centuries cannot alter Christian truth nor dim the validity of the insights and experiences of those who have touched reality.

Typical of these old books are three that have had a particular

impact on my own life.

The Journal of John Wesley is for those who enjoy reading primary source material such as letters and journals. The standard edition, edited by N. Curnovk and published 1909-16, is too complete for most readers since it comprises eight volumes. However, there is a more popular edition that culls some of the best passages, The Journal, Selections (edited by Hugh Martin, Alec R. Allenson, Inc., Naperville, Ill., 1955).

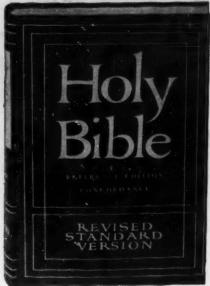
One critic has called this journal "the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned by man." That is no exaggeration. The founder of Methodism lived to be eighty-eight. From his thirty-fifth year he habitually traveled by horseback or on foot some 5,000 miles a year and preached fifteen sermons a week. A typical comment of Wesley's, not meant to be ironic at all, is this one:

After resting two days (only preaching morning and evening) I examined severally several members of the society.

In this Journal is drama, from his conversion in the little church in Aldersgate Street, London, (Continued on page 68)

BY CATHERINE MARSHALL





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on a May evening in 1738, to mob scenes reminiscent of the Apostle Paul's account of the silversmith's riot at Eph-

". . . The mob outside the house continued drumming, and I continued preaching, till I had finished my discourse. When I came out, the mob immediately closed me in. . . . The rabble threw whatever came to hand; but all went by me, or flew over my head; nor do I remember that one thing touched me. I walked on straight through the midst of the rabble, looking every man before me in the face. . . But many of the congregation were more roughly handled. . . . The main body of the mob then went to the house, brought out all the seats and benches, tore up the floor, the door, the frames of the windows . . . which they burnt in the open street." (May 20, 1750.)

There is also drama in many an account of healings, though Wesley usually speaks of these in an off-hand manner as being solely by-products of the Christian faith. Often they happened in connection with the sacraments of the church, baptism or communion:

'Mary Welch, aged eleven days, was baptized. . . . The child was ill then, but recovered from that hour...." (Tuesday, February 21, 1736.)

Or this one:

"One who was big with child, in a high fever, and almost wasted away with a violent cough, desired to receive the holy communion before she died. At the hour of her receiving she began to recover, and in a few days was entirely out of danger.' (January 18, 1736.)

Yet Wesley was primarily a scholar (Christ Church College, Oxford), an organizer, and a theologian. The Journal needs leisurely, thoughtful reading, but embedded in its pages is the thrilling account of how the Spirit of God worked through one man.

The second book that I would mention answers decisively a question that many in our day would like answered: Is it within the will of God for the Christian to pray for material needs? This book is Answers to Prayer (from George Müller's Narratives), compiled by A. E. C. Brooks, Fleming H. Revell

Müller was that rare combination, a business-minded man, as well as a Christian, who habitually kept careful records of everything-even answers to prayer.

Müller became so convinced of God's trustworthiness in practical matters that he closed one door after another behind him in order to prove this to the world. First, he refused any regular salary. Then he literally sold all that he had, even his household goods, and gave all to the poor. In this his courageous wife concurred. The point of this stripping of self was that he wished

to leave himself no material crutch; his every need would have to be supplied by God.

Then he felt led to open one of the first orphanages in England, located at Ashley Down, Bristol. He says that he started this work in order to prove something.

Then there is another class of persons. My spirit longed to be instrumental in strengthening their faith, by giving them instances . . . of His willingness and ability to help all those who rely upon Him, to show them by proofs that He is the same in our day.

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Always the work was conducted under these principles: no one was ever to be told of the financial needs of the orphanage except God; all helpers in the institution were forbidden to tell outsiders of the needs; Müller never borrowed money; no money given for one thing was ever to be used for another purpose. Sometimes the going was rough,

"September 4th, 1844 . . . Only one farthing was in my hands this morning . . . and nearly 140 persons to be provided

"A little after nine o'clock I received a sovereign from a sister in the Lord, . . . Between ten and eleven the bag was sent from the Orphan-Houses, in which in a note it was stated that £1 2s. was required for today. Scarcely had I read this when . . . a gentleman from the neighbourhood of Manchester was announced.... This brother, whom I had never seen before, gave me £2.

Thus it went. Eventually 2,000 orphans were being cared for, there were five large buildings and over a period of time more than a million pounds flowed in. Müller does indeed show us "by proofs" that the living God is still the same in our day.

THE Faith That Rebels by D. S. Cairns (Richard R. Smith, Inc., New York, 1930) is a very different type of book. Cairns wrote this book after the death of his wife, when he was seeking his personal answers as to the "why of human tragedy. He pondered why we have so few miracles in our day. In his introduction he says that a "study of the Synoptic Gospels led me to see that there was more in the teachings of Jesus on the power of faith and the range of prayer than was finding expression in our current Christian thought and practice.'

Because the content of this book was originally used as the Russell Lectures in Auburn Seminary, N. Y., in 1923, they are an intellectual as well as philosophical and theological seeking. But this is not dry reading. I have so far read this book carefully three times and always I close it tingling down every nerve ending, thrilling all over again to the knowledge that we have a God

whom we can love with the mind, as well as with the emotions and the will. Here is solid substance indeed for those whose seeking minds cry out for a faith undergirded with reason and intellectual insight.

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Some of the provocative headings are: "The Rival Theories Of Miracle"; "The Gospel Miracles"; "Science and Religion"; "The Faith of Jesus"; "The Problem Of Evil.'

The Faith That Rebels is a fine example of those hundreds of old books we should never forget. It is magnificently summarized in its last paragraph:

'The malady of our time lies in its contracted thoughts of God. We think too narrowly and meanly of His power, His Love and His Freedom to help men. That is what the 'miracles' of Jesus and His teaching about Faith mean. That God is more near, more real and mighty, and more eager to help every one of us than any one of us realizes; that is their undying message. THE END

BON'T FORGET POETRY

(Continued from page 53)

ups, all children, even the bulk of the in-betweens whose surface activities seldom indicate interest in anything serious, have a deep, sincere, often hidden feel for poetry

For years my gift to the children in our big family has been a book, poetry if I can find something suitable for each age. Usually I can. This growing herd of little second-cousins, with a few friends' children added, now runs beyond 30. Selection of toys or gadgets, even clothes, would be a problem, not only of what to buy, but correct size, color, style and their addiction to current fads.

Poetry books have proved easy, wise and welcome gifts. Every year there's the thrill of selecting new editions of A Child's Garden of Verse for new additions to the small-age group. I've bought the Milne books, Secrets, Silver Pennies, More Silver Pennies, many prayer-in-verse books and dozens of others in an unending procession. Older boys and girls are ready for good adult poetry-Millay, Dickinson, Coffin or

the classics. Fact is, these children have learned what to expect when my package arrives. When one little fellow opened wide his brown eyes and said, "Goody! Another book of poetry!"-that was thank-you pay beyond the call of polite

Last Christmas I hit upon what I think is a wise idea. Instead of individual books for several children in a family, I chose one larger book, most of them compilations. My Christmascard-note: "Here's hoping you find year-round enjoyment of this book for



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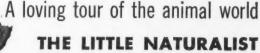
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the family reading time" was not only an explanation for the one-volume family gift, but served as a suggestion to some parents.

The results? A neighbor whose children received Huffard, Carlisle and Ferris' My Poetry Book tells me her five-year-old daughter soon learned, by sight, on which pages in the anthology are her favorites and asks for them over and over. The two-year-old son lugs the big book to his dad and begs, "Read!" Both grown-ups say they enjoy the poems as much as the children, as they take turns with family reading.

Poetry-loving doesn't end when girls pass the doll-playing age. One of my choice memories is the time two freshman college girls were our delegates for a student convention. My husband and I were helping register visitors, so he took our girls home, showed them their room and said, "Make yourselves at home. Help yourself to milk and cookies," and left.

When we arrived the girls were asleep. I opened the refrigerator for water and discovered two gaps in the dish of four apples I'd baked for breakfast! Pleased they had felt so much "at home" I mentally adjusted the menu. Behold, in the bookshelves we found several gaps, too. I couldn't detect which books were missing, but next morning I discovered that both girls had selected books of poetry for bedside reading. Gaps in the apple dish, gaps in the bookshelves—this indicated girls with healthy appetites.

"But," I think you are saying, "upper teen-agers have changed. Today's missile-minded youth want something more lively and spirited than poetry." Have they? Do they? Not all of them.

Last March a high-school senior from South Carolina came over to discuss her application for a local university scholarship and spent a night with us. When she arrived on a ten o'clock bus we set her bag down in our denguest-room and went for milk and hot coffee cake. At bed-time I said, "You'll find new magazines on the table if you'd like to read."

"Not magazines tonight!" she interrupted. "I spotted your copy of Robert Frost when I put my purse down, and he's my favorite." While turning out lights, I thrilled to see this month-before-eighteen very modern girl, who plans to be a doctor, sitting yogi-fashion on her bed, buried in my 1939 edition of The Collected Poems of Robert Frost.

When the invitation came to her graduation in June it was easy for us to know what to send. No need to puzzle over costume jewelry or sports togs. Her gift was a 1959 edition of the Complete Poems of Robert Frost. Now that she's in school in our state, Never the Nightingale by Atlanta's Daniel

Whitehead Hicky is already wrapped for her, come Christmas, And think of it: how nice a few years hence to have a woman doctor who loves poetry!

Boys love poetry, too. On a hot night last summer a Virginia boy in a Georgia boot camp came up to see his parents who were visiting my father. Their house overflowed with guests so we offered to sleep him. He chose the daybed on our jalousied porch. A dozen or so books were on a table. His light burned late and to my pleasure next morning I found the only thing moved onto the small night-table by his bed was a volume of Leaves of Gold that my husband had recently received as a post-operative gift. I hope among its choice selection of poems and prose gems this airman-rookie discovered Jessie Rittenhouse's provocative "Wages" which begins, "I bargained with Life for a penny.'

Poetry has no age limit, either. My dad discovered that Leaves of Gold and said, "I sure would like to own a copy of it." So, on his eightieth birthday, my husband bought him one. Now Dad proudly shows it to visitors and says, "You would enjoy this book. Every family ought to own it."

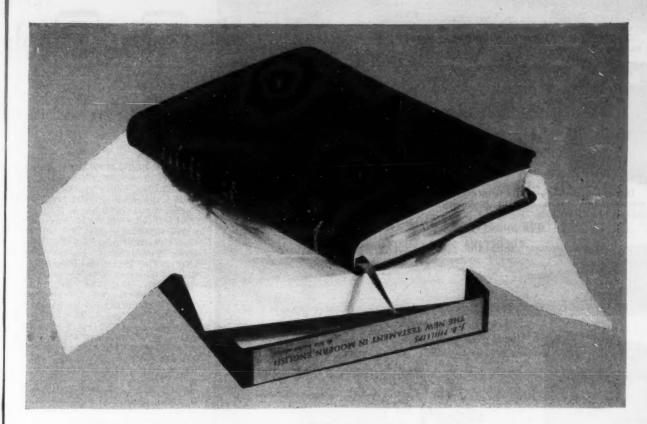
And I still marvel that a hundred middle-aged business and professional men at a civic club luncheon leaned to listen as I read poetry to them. That could have been politeness to a woman who had courage even to accept an invitation to read poems to men! What thrilled me more were the whispered comments after the meeting: "I really like poetry," or "I keep a book of poems on my desk to read between trying business sessions." Any one of those hundred men would accept Masefield, Oxenham, Whitman or Benet for Christmas. Or a good anthology.

POETRY is a universal and ageless emotion; it is the rhythm of life, the morning and noon and evening of our very existence-whether we wish it so, or not. Poetry cannot be repealed by an act of Congress, nor stored in the attic and forgotten. Only the book of poems, wherein the poet has transcribed the poetry into words, can be stored. The poetry is with us! God included this illusive quality in His beneficent blessing at the moment of his all-wise creation. The earth He made is more than soil and rock; His man is more than flesh and bone. In the potentials of earth and human life lies the "substance that is poetry," as Coffin expressed it.

Isn't it wise, then, for people—especially Christian people—to make of Christmas a time for remembering with gifts that are comparable to the lasting value of gold, the sweetness of frankincense and the discipline of myrrh?

(Continued on page 81)

NO



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Reviewed by MARIO W. F.

PETE PIPER'S ALPHABET, illustrated by Marcia Brown. With her usual flair for originality and humor Marcia Brown has made a delightful alphabet book of old English rhymes published in 1813. Every child is familiar with "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers...", but "Peter Piper's practical principles of plain and perfect pronunciation" are not so well known. The bright illustrations are as gay and humorous as the rhymes. (Scribner, \$2.95)

LUCY McLOCKETT, by Phyllis McGinley. No one can make a moral tale more appealing than Phyllis McGinley, and for little girls of 4 or 5 this is a most enjoyable rhyming picture story of a little girl who lost her good behavior with the loss of her first tooth. Lively drawings in pink, yellow and green by Helen Stone tell the story as cleverly as the rhymes. (J. B. Lippincott, §3)

HAROLD'S CIRCUS, by Crockett Johnson. Returning to the simplicity of plot of the first "Purple Crayon" story, the author tells of Harold's adventures in a circus of his own making where he performs and draws a wonderfully happy audience. Will be loved by the pre-school age. (Harper, \$1.50)

A SONG IS BORN, A story of music for beginners, by Beatrice and Ferrin Fraser. Illustrated by Nora Unwin. This first book for teaching music to a small child is a bright picture-history of music and the first steps in learning to read notes. Fun for a child to study by himself and should be a great help to any parent who knows a little about music and wants to give his child first lessons. There's an emphasis on the joy of singing and playing an instrument. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

BILL AND COO, by Mazo de la Roche. The faithfulness of Bill and Coo to each other and to their nest brings about a miracle. Through the long winter they sat, through cold and snow, and what they hatched out of their egg was more wonderful than a pigeon. The grumbling, unhappy owners of the house on which the pigeon's nest was perched were changed by the wondrous nestling who is never shown in any of the completely realistic pictures. A beautifully designed little book with a text that often sounds like the billing and cooing of pigeons. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$2.50)

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as the man himself, and brief text, the artist has made a lovely book for little children about St. Francis and his love for animals. (Scribner, \$2.95)

TROVATO, by Bettina. There's always warmth and love without sentimentality in Bettina's lovely picture stories, with soft colors, lively drawings and unusual scenes. This is the story of a middle-aged English lady who returns from a trip to Italy with an adopted boy and a magpie. "Trovato" means "found" in Italian, and this is the name she gives the boy. Miss Pattison's love and understanding help Trovato to get back the voice, he had lost through shock, and he becomes a celebrated singer. For primary grades. (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$3.50)

A PONY FOR THE WINTER, by Helen Kay. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. A little girl learns it means hard work to keep the pony she loves, but she faces up to it, and is more than ready to take Molly back for a second winter when the Playland man wants to board her out. The numerous pencil drawings, some colored, show very clearly Deborah's love for her pony. (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, \$2.75)

BROWNIES—HURRY! by Gladys L. Adshead. Pictures by Velma Ilsley in autumn brown, yellow and green, and manuscript text in brown complement the simple autumn story of lively little brownies painting leaves, planting bulbs and preparing the world for a winter's sleep. A pre-school child's introduction to two of the seasons. (Walck, \$2.50)

ANDY JACKSON'S WATER WELL, by William O. Steele. One of the tallest of this author's tall tales tells how Andy Jackson, the young lawyer, tried to do something for the town of Nashville where he did his lawing. Andy had a hard time keeping his temper for there were plenty of things to rile him. One day, when the right moment came, Andy really let it go and the results were a sight to behold. "They say Andy Jackson even got to be President of the United States, but I don't know. It may be just a tall tale." (Harcourt, \$2.75)

MINETTE, by Janice. Pictures by Alain. With haughty dignity Minette, the French cat, tells of her feud with Monsieur Henri, caretaker at the Palace of Versailles. "Moi, Minette, it does not amuse me to be nice to that dog lover." Henri's insulting remarks to Minette are in French, which she does not care to translate. Henri has to eat his words when Minette (Continued on page 76)

"With complete confidence this volume may be placed upon any library table for use of readers in any age level."—Daniel A. Poling. BOOKS REVISED - ENLARGED . ILLUSTRATED By J. D. SNIDER This book is a treasure house of good reading for young and old. A paragraph or two a day from its pages will stir your thinking and give you new appreciations of literature that will make all other books more alive and more interesting. 640 pages \$4.00 A Perfect Gift for Your Bookish Friends "I greatly enjoyed reading this thoroughly in-teresting book, It is an excellent guide to good reading."—Cordell Hull, Former Secretary of State, U.S.A. "Makes him who reads it want to read."— Wm. L. Stidger, Boston University. "Excepting the Bible this book has had a greater influence on me than any other. The chapter on the Book of books is beautiful beyond words. I have memorized long passages."—Mrs. H. E. Scone. "The author knows literature and knows how to write entertainingly. . . . A pleasure to com-mend without reservation."—John L. Hill, Editor, Broadman Press. REVIEW & HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN., WASHINGTON 12, D.C. 13 10 12 2 3 2 2 BY LUCILLE STOUT MY CHILD "How the Stouts reclaimed their child and made her a part of their home, church, and community is a story sensitively and proudly told in this autobiography. To many parents who, in their sorrow, ask why retarded chil-dren are created, the author answers, 'Cer-RECLAIMED tainly parents of retarded children have known mighty grief, and many, many of them have lived through this black hour to find the mighty joy and to say in all sincerity, Thank you, God, for this child, and for all the les-sons he or she has brought.' These children CHILD do teach lessons of sympathy, understanding, compassion, patience, and brotherly love. Daniel A. Poling \$2.75 in the Christian Herald. at all bookstores **ENJOY THE THRILL OF WIDE-AWAKE PUPILS** When You Use HIGLEY'S Sunday School Commentary Makes teaching easier, more effective. Based on International Sunday School Lessons. Over 50 contributors make Higley's 1960 SUN-DAY SCHOOL COMMENTARY a must for every Sunday School Teacher. Deep Bible truths are Order one for every teacher from your bookstore or DEPT. 1 1960 EDITION! BUTLER, The HIGLEY Press INDIANA



Poster by Feodor Rojankovsky

Courtesy Children's Book Council

These are some of the outstanding titles CHRISTIAN HERALD hopes America's young readers will be receiving this Christmas

Since the age brackets of children's books often overlap, the titles in the following list have been grouped for your convenience under the earliest age for which each book is recommended. The complete span is indicated in parentheses after each title.

A DIRECTORY OF

New Books for Children

BEGINNING AT 2 YEARS OLD

- 1. AT OUR HOUSE by Lois Lenski (2 up) Walck
- 2. BROWN COW FARM by Dahlov Ipcar (up to 6) Doubleday \$2.50
- 3. THE CARELESS KANGAROO by Earle Goodenow (2 up) Walck \$2.75
- 4. THE LITTLE ONE by Dare Wright (2-6) Doubleday \$2.50
- 5. NICHOLAS AND THE FAST-MOVING DIESEL by Edward Ardizzone (2 up) Walck \$2.75

BEGINNING AT 3 YEARS OLD

- 6. AND IT WAS SO. Bible text (3-6) Westminster \$2.50
- 7. BIBLE ABC BOOK by Gladys Fordham (3-7) Metropolitan \$.50
- 8. BIBLE PICTURE BOOK by Marian Madison (3-7) Metropolitan \$.50
- BIBLE PRIMER by Marian Madison (3-7) Metropolitan \$.50
- 10. A CHRISTMAS ALPHABET by Lee Mero (3-7) Augsburg \$1.00 11. EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR by Phyllis Rowand
- (3 up) Little, Brown \$2.75
- 12. THE FIVE ROLLATINIS by Jan B. Balet (3-7) Lippincott \$3.50
- 13. GOD CARES FOR ME by Carolyn Muller Wolcott (3-7) Abingdon \$1.25
- 14. GOD GAVE US SEASONS by Carolyn Muller Wolcott (3-7) Abingdon \$1.25

- 15. JESUS, THE LITTLE NEW BABY by Mary Edna Lloyd (3-6) Abingdon \$1.00
- 16. LITTLE BLUE AND LITTLE YELLOW by Leo Lionni (3-6) McDowell, Obolensky \$2.95
 17. THE LORD WILL LOVE THEE by Sara Klein
- Clarke (3-6) Westminster \$2.50
- SAYING MY PRAYERS by Marian Madison (3-7) Metropolitan \$.50

BEGINNING AT 4 YEARS OLD

- 19. ARKFUL OF ANIMALS by Tessa Colina (4 up) Standard \$1.00
- BABY JESUS ABC STORYBOOK by Cecile Lamb (4 up) Standard \$.50
- THE BIG FISH by Barbara Greenough Johnson (4-8) Little, Brown \$2.75
- BOBBY'S NEIGHBORS by Joyce Boyle (4-7) Abingdon \$2.00
- 23. THE CANTANKEROUS CROW by Lennart Hell-sing (4-8) McDowell, Obolensky \$2.95
- 24. THE CHRISTMAS MOUSE by Elisabeth Wenning (4-8) Henry Holt \$2.95 CUSTARD THE DRAGON by Ogden Nash (4 up)
- Little, Brown \$2.50 FIERCE JOHN by Edward Fenton (4-8) Double-
- day \$2.00 FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD by Helen Doss
- (4-7) Abingdon \$1.50 28. LUCY McLOCKETT by Phyllis McGinley (4-7) Lippincott \$3.00

- 29. THE MUSIC BOX MAKER by Gertrude Doederlien (4-8) Augsburg \$1.00
- 30. NINE DAYS TO CHRISTMAS by Marie Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida (4-7) Viking \$3.25
- 31. OSWALD THE MONKEY by Egon Mathiesen (4-8) McDowell, Obolensky \$2.95
- 32. RING-A-LING by Monroe Stearns (4-8) Lippincott \$5.00 33. ST. FRANCIS AND THE ANIMALS by Leo Politi
- (4-7) Scribner's \$2.95 34. TINY TREE by Gustav Wickland (4-8) Augs-
- burg \$1.00
- 35. WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? by Marion Conger (4-7) Abingdon \$2.00

BEGINNING AT 5 YEARS OLD

- 36. BIBLE STORY READER, Book I by Lillie A. Faris (5 up) Standard \$1.50
- 37. THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT by Lillian Quigley (5-9) Scribner's \$2.95 38. HOUSE FULL OF PRAYERS by Vera K. Gohman
- (5 up) Standard \$1.00
- 39. MADELINE AND THE GYPSIES by Ludwig Bemelmans (5-8) Viking \$3.50 40. MISSIONARIES FOR JESUS (5-9) Metropolitan
- 41. OUR CHRISTMAS STORY by Mrs. Billy Graham (5-9) Nelson \$2.50
- 42. THE TAIL OF THE TERRIBLE TIGER by Marion Renick (5-8) Scribner's \$2.95
- 43. WANTED: A BROTHER by Gina Bell (5-8) Abingdon \$1.50

BEGINNING AT 6 YEARS OLD

- 44. ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD by Eliza-
- 44. ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD by Elizabeth B. Jones (6 up) Warner \$1.95

 45. BIBLE PLAYTIME BOOK—THE NATIVITY STORY by Dorothy Fay Richards (6 up) Standard \$.85

 46. BIBLE STORIES ABOUT JESUS by Tessa Colina (6 up) Standard \$1.95

 47. A Book To Begin on TIME by Leslie Waller (6-8) Henry Holt \$2.50

 48. A Book To Begin on WEATHER by Leslie Waller (6-6) Henry Holt \$2.50

 49. CHILD'S LIFE OF JESUS by Vera K. Gohman (6 up) Standard \$.50

- (6 up) Standard \$.50
 EGERMEIER'S BIBLE-PICTURE ABC BOOK (6-
- 10) Warner \$1.95 GOD LOVES ME by Elizabeth B. Jones (6-8)
- Warner \$1.95
 52. GOD PLANS FOR HAPPY FAMILIES by Eliza-
- beth B. Jones (6-8) Warner \$1.95

 THE LITTLE NATURALIST by Frances Frost (6-10) Whittlesey House \$2.50

 THE LONG NOSED PRINCESS by Priscilla Hallowell (6-10) Viking \$2.00

 PETER PIPER'S ALPHABET by Marcia Brown (6-10) Scribner's \$2.95

- (6-10) Scribner's \$2.95
 56. THE PIEBALD PUP by Irina Korschunow
 (6-10) McDowell, Obolensky \$2.95
 57. ROUND ABOUT ME by Elizabeth B. Jones
 (6-8) Warner \$1.95
 58. \$TORIES IFERS 75.85
- STORIES JESUS TOLD by Ruth S. Gray (6-8) Warner \$1.95 59. STORIES OF JESUS by Marian Madison (6-10)
- Metropolitan \$.50 50. STORY TIME by Marian Madison (6-10) Metro-
- 50. STORY TIME by marian madison (6-10) Metro-politan \$.50

 81. THE TRAVELING BIRD by Robert Burch (6-9) McDowell, Obolensky \$2.50

 62. VOICL HENRI! and HERE IS HENRY! by Vir-ginia Kahl and Edith Vacheron (6-10) Scrib-
- ner's \$2.50 each
 WILLIE SKIS by Jo Norling (6-9) Henry Holt
- \$2.50

BEGINNING AT 7 YEARS OLD

- 64. ADAM AND THE GOLDEN COCK by Alice Dalgliesh (7-10) Scribner's \$2.50 65. A IS FOR APPLE AND WHY by Solveig Paul-son Russell (7 up) Abingdon \$2.00 66. CAT TALES by Natalia M. Belting (7-11) Henry Holt \$3.00
- EVERY CHILD'S STORY BOOK. Selected by Margaret Martignoni (7-10) Franklin Watts
- 68. FAVORITE FAIRY TALES. Retold in three books by Virginia Haviland (7. up) Little, Brown \$2.75 each
- 69. THE TENEMENT TREE by Kate Seredy (7-10)
- Viking \$3.00
 70. TOUCHDOWN FOR TOMMY by Matt Christopher (7-11) Little, Brown \$2.75

BEGINNING AT 8 YEARS OLD

- 71. ALL ON THE TEAM by Frances Fox Sandmel (8-12) Abingdon \$2.50 72. COAL CAMP GIRL by Lois Lenski (8-12) Lip-
- pincott \$3.95
- 73. EGERMEIER'S PICTURE-STORY LIFE OF CHRIST (8 up) Warner \$2.95

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- bull (8-11) Lippincott \$2.95 LEWIS AND CLARK, EXPLORERS TO THE WEST by Madge Haines and Leslie Morrill (8-12) Abingdon \$1.75
- 76. THE LOST LETTER by Mabel Langehough (8-12) Augsburg \$2.50 77. THE MACIC RING by Neta Lohnes Frazier (8-12) Longmans, Green \$2.95 78. A MAN CALLED JESUS by J. B. Phillips (8
- up) Macmillan \$2.50
 MARY JANE by Dorothy Sterling (8-12) Dou-
- bleday \$2.75 SERILDA'S STAR by Olive Rambo Cook (8-12)
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- A YANKEE MUSKET by Hildreth Wriston (8-12) Abingdon \$3.00

BEGINNING AT 9 YEARS OLD

- 85. THE CHEERFUL HEART by Elizabeth Janet
- Gray (9-12) Viking \$3.00 THE ISLAND SHEPHERD by Yolla Niclas (9-12)
- Viking \$3.00
 ROCKING HILL ROAD by Eugenia Miller (9-11) Henry Holt \$2.75

BEGINNING AT 10 YEARS OLD

- 88. AND LONG REMEMBER by Dorothy Canfield
- Fisher (10 up) Whittlesey House \$3.25
 BIBLE READINGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Selections from the RSV (10 up) Nelson \$3.00
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- Levy (10-14) Viking \$3.00

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 Price (10-14) Longmans, Green \$2.75

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 (10-14) Metropolitan \$.50
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- Meyer (12 up) Little, Brown \$3.50 CHAMPLAIN SUMMER by Marjorie Vetter (12-16) Funk & Wagnalls \$2.95

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- worthy, Doubleday \$3.50

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- 119. PICTURES TO LIVE WITH by Bryan Holme, Viking \$4.50 120. THE TEEN-AGERS GUIDE TO PERSONAL SUC-
- CESS by Erma Paul Ferrari, Abingdon \$2.00
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- 121. TOMARAWA SHADOW by Nancy Faulther, Doubleday \$2,95

 122. WAKE UP, ROBERTA by Nancy Hartwell, Henry Holt \$3.00

 123. THE WORLD OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH by Geneviewe Foster, Scribner's \$4.95

 124. YOUR VOCATIONAL ADVENTURE by Jesse C. Burt, Abingdon, Cloth \$2.95; Paper \$1.65

ALL AGES

\$3.00

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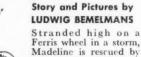
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76

CHILDREN'S ROOKS

(Continued from page 73)

saves the palace furnishings from destruction by mice. The pride and elegance of Minette are amusingly portrayed in pencil drawings tinted in blue and buff, and they reach a climax when Minette is portrayed over and over in the Hall of Mirrors from which Henri can no longer evict her. For 4- to 7-year-olds. (Whittlesey House, \$2.25)

THE BIG FISH, by Barbara Greenough Johnson. An affectionate glimpse at the life of a French Canadian family, especially Pierre who is now big enough to go into the woods with his strong Papa. A picture book for primary age with pencil drawings in evergreen and brown. (Little, Brown, \$2.75)

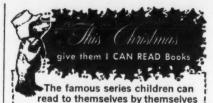
BARNEY, BRING YOUR BANJO, by May Justus, Barney is invited to play a tune on his banjo at his uncle's playparty, but it takes many visits and much work to collect all the words of the song he wants to sing. Words and melody of "Tale of a Pig" are included in this warm little story for young readers. (Henry Holt,

CAT TALES, by Natalia M. Belting. For reading aloud or for telling this collection of 16 stories from all the world is The people of every land have 'tops.' been aware of the mystery, dignity and beauty of the cat, and have expressed their feelings in these folk tales. Their awe of the proud animals has not kept them from putting a great deal of humor into the tales-often at the cats' expense. (Henry Holt, \$3)

THERE ONCE WAS A KING, written and illustrated by Gwain Sexton. It was only his wishing stone that kept King Maxmillian on the throne, for he was a spoiled and unpleasant tyrant. When the wishing stone is stolen his only friend is a little mouse who helps to reform him. A gay and funny little book for primary children with brief, rhyming text and amusing, sprightly ink drawings tinted in red, yellow and blue. (Scribner, \$2.50)

THE REALLY REAL FAMILY, by Helen Doss. The author of "The Family Nobody Wanted" has written for children the engaging story of two little Hawaiian sisters who joined their big family. The story is told by Elaine who did not get along with one of her new sisters until she learned to put herself in Laura's shoes, There's something fine here for all children, and 8- or 9-year-olds can read it themselves. (Little, Brown, \$2.75)

MULEY EARS, NOBODY'S DOG, by Marguerite Henry. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. A loving, big-eared dog who owns a special house on the sunny, turtleshaped isle of Jamaica is the hero of this tale for young readers. Muley Ears' house is "For Rent," and he happily attaches himself to each new family as they move in. Life is wonderful until a new kind of tenant comes-not a family, but a fat scowling man who throws sticks at a dog who begs for a share of his picnic lunch.



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How Muley Ears reforms this unpleasant tenant is the plot of this gay picture story for 7- and 8-year-olds to read for themselves. Action-filled pencil drawings and water colors cover most of each page. (Rand McNally, \$2.75)

BUGLE BOY, by Roderick Huff. His understanding grandparents, Poppo and Daisy, meant a lot to Pete, even though Daisy had too much interest in washing his ears. It was Poppo who bought him a bugle and Dain who taught him to play it so well that he became camp bugler. Reminiscent of the popular Henry Huggins books by Beverly Cleary (Wm. Morrow), this humorous but realistic story will appeal to younger boys. (Harper,

SEVEN TALES, by Hans Christian Andersen translated by Eva LeGallienne. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. The medieval illustrations seem rather strange with Andersen's stories, and the language is more "earthy"-perhaps as Eva LeGallienne says, it's closer to the original "Cozy" Danish. It's a beautiful book, but for the lover of Andersen's tales it will be a matter of personal opinion, not a universal choice. (Harper, \$3.95)

THE BORROWERS AFLOAT, by Mary Norton. The miniature world of the Borrowers (which was first revealed to us in a book of that name) is once more opened for "humans" as the little family-Pod. Homily and Arriety, move on to a new home. The reader will find himself lost in this tiny world as the skillful writer describes their harrowing adventures. their courage and their concern for one another. Each little mouse-sized Borrower is a distinctive personality and will not be forgotten. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75)

MARCO'S CHANCE, by Miriam Young. Papa and Marco were delighted with America, but Mama did not adjust so easily to a new home, so different from Sicily. It was after Marco heard how American pioneer women had carried some of their treasures West to remind them of home that he knew how to help Mama. The story ends with an exciting climax when Marco completes his project with the help of many friends and presents Mama with a gaily decorated Sicilian cart and donkey. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3)

ELEPHANT FOR RENT, by Lucille Chaplan. Reminiscent of Kohler's "The Boy Who Stole the Elephant" (Knopf), but in this case the elephant was Jimmy's own, a birthday present from his father in Africa, To save Rex from being sold by his guardian, Jimmie takes to flight. The story tells of their cross-country trip, the friends they meet, the fears and the dangers as his enemy tries to catch up with Rex. A circus and a dramatic ending climax a rousing good story. (Little, Brown,

FLY REDWING FLY, Written and illustrated by Lloyd Lozes Goff. Attractive, colorful drawings tell the story of a young Redwing Blackbird, of his growing up and his mating. The text is clear, sim-(Continued on page 82)



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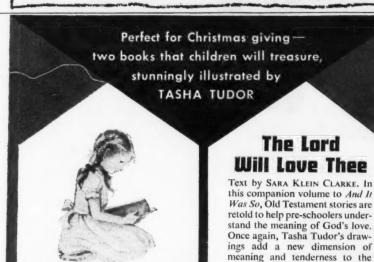
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A shared delight in books can bring spiritual unity

T OUR house we are often too A busy to insist that the children wash behind the ears or pick up toys, but bedtime stories are seldom neglected. No matter how hectic the day, peace, quietness and magic enfold us as we read from old favorites or from a new book. The fun and adventure that this hour brings are valuable household commodities, more precious than bread or soap.

Story time, however, is more than simply an activity we enjoy together. It is part of our children's religious education. As a minister's wife I am sometimes asked what mothers and fathers can do for their children's religious nurture, beyond sending them to Sunday school and church. Sometimes those who ask are troubled, because they do not feel quite comfortable attempting the formal practices of former days. I do not pretend that family reading is a complete answer, but I do know that saving a time to read and discuss stories with our children has been one of our happiest and most successful ways of establishing spiritual communication.

When I say this, I do not mean that we read exclusively religious books. We read all kinds: folk tales, children's classics old and new, poetry, history, books about space travel and many others. But all really good books, like other forms of creative art, have something important to say. My husband and I began reading to our youngsters because we liked to read, and they liked to be read to.

Books, we have found, can be a delightful way to acquaint children with the history of man's quest for answers

to the basic problems of life. To begin with, the story hour itself is a lesson in love. This is particularly evident with the small child who cares less for what is on the printed page than for the comforting companionship of the adult who is reading to him. When we began the story hour fifteen years ago, our first child was barely old enough to hold a picture book in her hands. She probably could not understand the nursery rhymes I read her, but just the same she wanted her story hour.

T is common for parents to read to toddlers, for we all know how much the little child enjoys this attention, and we know that he cannot read himself. Once he gets past first grade parents are likely to feel that reading to children is no longer necessary. Also they feel that TV and outside activities have usurped whatever time might be spent in this way, and that once a child has been pried loose from these distracting influences he had better be hustled off to bed as quickly as possible. It is true that pastimes unknown to earlier generations do cut down the time parents and children share, but to my mind this is all the more reason to save time for family reading. Children never get too old to appreciate individual attention and companionship.

Furthermore, family reading is an activity which cuts across age lines, A lot of things our children like to do are downright annoying or boring to a parent. No adult wants to stay up ali night doing handstands, but after Dad insists that son has to go to bed, he may sit up late reading Kidnapped

himself. I have discovered, and I am sure many others have too, that children's books are often as interesting and entertaining to read as adult books. Rediscovering childhood favorites with your own youngsters is a way of recapturing the most delightful part of your own childhood, the world of makebelieve.

The closeness which the story hour brings is part of our children's religious education, for love is taught by sharing love, and the benefits of finding a way to share love and concern do not cease when a child is old enough to prefer reading to himself. My sixteenyear-old daughter does not ask us to read to her any longer, yet we often discuss the adult books and magazines she likes. At a time when her interests tend more and more to be outside the home, books prove a helpful meeting ground we might have missed if it had not been for the many hours we read to her when she was a little girl.

THE companionship provided would be enough to make reading worthwhile, but it is far from being all. While we certainly do not choose books in order to hammer home a moral, children inevitably absorb the lessons which such an appealing book as Heidi, for example, contains. The story of the crusty old grandfather melting under the child's adoration and returning to the fellowship of man and to the church moves even an adult, All the good books are concerned with real problems, great or small, and most of them are problems with religious significance. This becomes clearer if we take a look at the kind of books most children like.

Once children have graduated from Mother Goose and the simplest picture books they want to hear folk and fairy tales. These stories deserve more serious thought than most grownups ever give them. Essentially they are moral stories concerned with such questions as who am I? why are people born? why do they die? what makes life worthwhile? I believe in letting children discover the meaning of a story themselves, but it does not hurt to point out that folk and fairy tales represent man's first stirrings of wonder. This may lead, and in our house it often does, to reading or discussing other answers given to these same questions by the religious faiths of the world, particularly our own. Although the answers are quite different, the questions are much the same, and they are the very same questions that children themselves ask, in one way or another.

It is here that the parent can furnish the interpretive role which is generally denied to teachers. Teachers can, and in many cases do, expose pupils to



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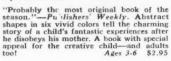
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many of the best juvenile books, but they are understandably reluctant to touch anything that might bring up a religious issue for fear of offending some group or other. Teaching literature or history or science without mentioning religion is a little like leaving the letter "O" out of our language, as the despot in Thurber's story, *The Wonderful O*, required of his subjects, yet we require it of our teachers.

The perceptive parent will find this same opportunity present when he reads other kinds of books children like. My own son, now thirteen, is particularly fond of science and history. While we no longer have a regular story hour, every now and then he brings home some book full of foreign names and words which is a little difficult reading, and he appreciates my reading him a chapter or two before bedtime. I do not believe in telling my children what to think about war and peace, space conquest and the atomic bomb, but I do believe in telling them what I think, and I believe in encouraging them to ask questions, even ones which it is very difficult to answer.

READING these books together gives us a chance to discuss such things in a serious fashion. In spite of all that is said about the teen-ager of today, adolescents appreciate adults who are willing to take the time to consider what they think. The thoughts of youth are still "long thoughts." The child of today may be the nuclear physicist or statesman of tomorrow, and his comprehension of the moral issues involved may have extremely important consequences.

Books of history, too, inevitably bring up the part which religion has played in the world. As soon as children are old enough to understand that the world existed a long time before they were born, they begin to have an interest in the past. In reading to my son I have discovered an increasing number of fascinating books dealing in one way or another with the history of our own faith.

My two younger girls, eight and ten, are more interested in fiction and occasionally poetry. I have found with them as I have with the older children, that fiction can help teach a spirit of brotherhood and a sympathetic curiosity about people who differ from us. This curiosity begins surprisingly early. When Peggy, who is now sixteen, was only six, her nightly demand was a picture story about a little Navajo girl. Later on she was intrigued by a book about a Jewish family which emphasized the closeness of their family life and the religious ceremonies observed in their home. She was interested to hear that many of these rituals had originated in Old Testament times. In

a small town with a homogeneous population it is difficult to help children actually know people whose homes differ very greatly from their own, but books, at least, can help to communicate the feeling that all men are brothers.

Along with other stories we also read Bible stories now and then. Generally we prefer the stories as written in the modern translations of the Bible to those written especially for children, however we have found a few stories which we liked in a children's version. We do not like to emphasize any arbitrary distinction between religious and non-religious books, preferring instead to emphasize the religious values inherent in all good literature. There is, after all, a danger in stressing one kind of reading to our children as being good for them, and another as a pleasant waste of time. It is my conviction that children take more happily to our great religious heritage if we do not make too much of a point of setting it apart from all other literature.

This is, for example, evident in our enjoyment of poetry. Children sometimes resist being required to learn the Psalms as we used to do in Sunday school, but if the Psalms are read along with other poetry children inevitably respond with thoughtful appreciation to their beauty. In our family we enjoy tape recording choral reading of the psalms and other poetry, an interesting experiment I would recommend to any family fortunate enough to have access to a machine.

Reading is a pleasure throughout the year, but there are certain times and occasions when it seems to draw us especially close. The Christmas season is one. There are many beautiful Christmas stories, and we start reading them early in December. Sometimes the younger children enjoy reenacting them, particularly the Nativity story, putting on impromptu pageants before the fireplace.

HAVE also found that whenever children are sick or particularly disturbed about anything, reading, and the companionship it brings, seems to be a particular comfort.

Summer vacation, however, is the time when our whole family reads together. We go camping and always include a good-sized box of books among the necessities which must be taken. Every night around the campfire we read or tell stories.

Bringing up children pays many unexpected bonuses, and in our family we have found a shared delight in literature to be one of the most delightful of these. Books bring our family closer together in spiritual fellowship.

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DON'T FORGET POETRY

(Continued from page 70)

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Where, outside Holy Scripture, can we find these qualities in more usable and lasting form than in a poem?

Selecting poetry-gifts is a challenge to the giver. The type and content of the work, by an individual poet or choices of a capable anthologist, suitability for the person to receive it, quality and style and message-all these are things to consider.

We make our Christmas packages gay affairs to appeal to the eye of the receiver. Much more important, the contents should be something to produce charm and aliveness, to stir an uplooking, forward-gaited approach to the living of life.

It isn't wise to check your list and pass by some person whom you happen to know is indifferent to poetry. Your gift might "convert" that nonreader into an avid lover of poetry, either classic or modern. I shudder to think how much I would have missed had a certain teacher catered to our snubbing of Rabindranath Tagore when she introduced him to her high school English class. We were studying Byron, Shelley and Keats. Tagore was new to us, too different for instant acceptance. We all but laughed her down when she read his free-verse translations. But that teacher read on-a little every day for a whole semester.

Some years later, out of curiosity and remembrance, I got a volume of Tagore from the library. That did it! I became a Tagore addict. I read everything he wrote, much of it many times. His Gitanjali is one of the half-dozen books permanently installed on my bed-side table, to be read for the sheer beauty of his thoughts and the tensioneasing music of his lines.

Never hesitate to give a broncobusting small boy, or a teen-age girl with movie stars in her eyes, or a businessman, even a bogged-down-withhousehold-routine mother, a volume of poems. Your gift may be the first clear tone that could lead to a whole symphony of music.

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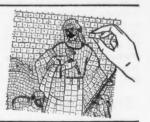


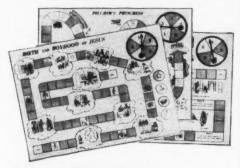
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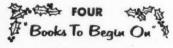
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS

(Continued from page 77)

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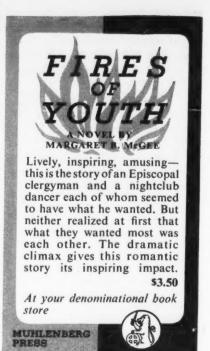
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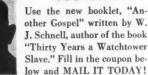
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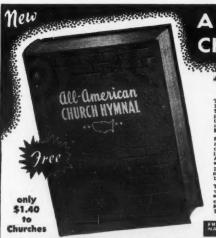


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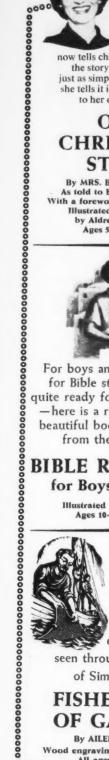
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AN ENGLISH TEACHER LOOKS AT THE "TWO BIBLES"

(Continued from page 58)

more inviting to the ear than "all that is in them." And I would rather have Samuel and Isaiah say, "Here am I" than "Here I am." But I am free to make my choice.

A conversational passage in Second Kings gives casual illustrations of the different impression made by even the slighter variations. The mere absence of quotation marks in the AV makes it less easy to grasp relationships with the eve. The story is from the life of Elisha. A Shunammite woman of means has built "a small roof-chamber with walls" as a guest room for the itinerant prophet's rest on his journeys to and fro. Elisha wishes to do something in return for this kindness and instructs his servant Gehazi to find out what she would like. Here is the conversation from the RSV, with the AV differences in parentheses:

Elisha: "Say now to (unto) her, See, you have taken all this trouble for us (Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care); what is to be done for you (thee)? Would you have a word spoken on your behalf to the king or to the commander of the army? (wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?)"

The Shunammite: "I dwell among my (mine) own people."

Elisha to Gehazi: "What then is to be done for her?"

Gehazi: "Well, she has no son (Verily she hath no child), and her husband is old."

Elisha to the Shunammite: "At (About) this season, when the time comes round (according to the time of life), you shall (thou shalt) embrace a son."

The Shunammite: "No (Nay), my lord, O (thou) man of God, do not lie to your maidservant (unto thy handmaid)."

Perhaps the verbs in the RSV show the change more than other and less intricate parts of speech do. For instance, the altered uses of auxiliary verbs often give vividness to the narrative. The old "What mean ye by these stones?" (crected in the Jordan for a historical reminder) becomes "What do these stones mean to you?" And when Solomon went to Gibeon, "the great high place" of his time, we are told in the AV that he "offered one thousand burnt offerings"; whereas the new version shows with its "used to offer" that such free-will sacrifices were habitual with him. And the progressive form does just the opposite when substituted for one of the fixed tense forms: as when John in one of his epistles says "I am writing to you" instead of "I write to you"; and Jeremiah says, "A

leopard is watching against their cities," instead of "shall watch."

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A noteworthy instance of the use of the potential mode is in a long passage in Deuteronomy (chapter 29) where Moses warns the people against apostasy and its results. The old version uses the future tense for God's punishments; the new makes them conditional. After two warning "Beware lest" sentences, we read, "The Lord would not pardon him [the disobedient one]...would single him out...for calamity ... and the generation to come would say ... yea, all the nations would say, Why has the Lord done thus to this land?" A somewhat different case of the word 'would" occurs in the famous words of the Greeks, relayed to Jesus through Philip and Andrew. They have been known to us as "We would see Jesus." Now we read, "We wish to see Jesus," -an illustration of a change of meaning in the auxiliary. (But we need not therefore change the reading in a favorite hymn!)

The cases of tense change, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets, are innumerable. Let one illustration suffice. In a list of God's acts at the Creation is the sentence (AV), "Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over." The new reading, "Thou didst set," by the use of the past tense instead of the perfect, relates the act to the time when it was performed.

HANGES in some pronouns are suggestive. The mystic name of Jehovah is explained with a more personal relative pronoun than "that"-it is "I AM WHO I AM." Following modern usage, the pronoun "you" is used for either the singular or the plural number-except in the case of the Deity, when "Thou" is preserved. However, there are places where the failure to distinguish between the two numbers causes a clear sense of loss. The AV makes the difference clear where Jesus says, "Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you [that is, more than one of the disciples] that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee [singling out Peter] that thy faith fail not." Since the usage of the RSV does not reveal this shift, that version has taken the pains to indicate it in a footnote.

There is a sentence in the Psalms—
"We will rejoice in thy salvation"—
which had always meant to me the
salvation of God until the RSV woke
me to the fact that this sentence, like
those that precede it, refers to a
human being. The new rendering is:
"May we shout for joy over your victory!"—a pious wish for a friend's success. In passing, it may be remarked

that in many places the new has "victory" where the old has "salvation," reminding us that in those war-filled days writers had a more physical and less theological idea of salvation than we.

THERE is a difference in wordiness: the new is often more concise than the old. "I pray thee" and "it came to pass" are often omitted in the RSV, though the latter is sometimes rendered, "it happened." A word or two may take the place of a descriptive clause, as: an "athlete" for "a man that striveth in the games"; a "medium" for one that has "a familiar spirit"; "evil-doers" for "them which do iniquity"; "the caravan route" for "the way of them that dwelt in tents"; and "the end of the fading splendor" for "the end of that which was passing away."

The commonest example of contraction is the substitution of an adjective for an "of" modifier: "poisoned water" for "water of gall"; "a true answer" for "words of truth"; "the wicked fist" for "the fist of wickedness"; "holy array" for "the beauty of holiness; "a faint spi.:it" for "the spirit of heaviness." It is natural to prefer the rhythm and picturesqueness of some of the old phrases that have built themselves into our hymns and our memories.

By contrast, there are times where the new form is much longer than the old: "from glory to glory" is elaborated into "from one degree of glory to another"; "sacrifices of joy" becomes "sacrifice with shouts of joy"; "in him ye are made full" is expanded into "you have come to fullness of life in him"; "the captive exile" has become "he who is bowed down."

Many are the instances where a new division of sentences makes an interesting variation in meaning. An illustration from the New Testament is in the last discourse of Jesus to his dis-

AV: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

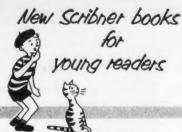
RSV: "In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you?"

And an illustration from the Psalms. AV: "O LORD, our Lord . . . who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

RSV: "O LORD, our Lord...Thou whose glory above the heavens is chanted by the mouth of babes and infants, thou hast founded a bulwark because of thy foes, to still the enemy and the avenger."

I search in vain for RSV consistency in changes between proper and com-(Continued on page 90)





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Little did I know then that just thirty-five years later I would be doing that very thing!

It was over a quarter of a century before I saw her again. While traveling through India gathering material for my novel, *House of Earth*, I spent a week at Vellore, site of the great medical center in South India which she had founded, and was invited to a dinner in her honor. It was 1950, the year of her Jubilee, marking just half a century since her return to India on January 1, 1900, with a brand new M.D. from Cornell, one of the first ever granted by that institution to a woman. Though almost 80, she was as swift of motion, as vibrantly energetic as when I had seen her, a little over 50, hustling up the steep paths at Northfield. Her eyes were the same vivid blue, her shoulders still so straight that she looked much taller than her five feet three, her crown of hair as incredibly soft and white.

Seven years later I saw her for the third time. Descending from a plane into the blinding heat of the Madras airport, I sought and found her long before I had traversed the scorching apron to the distant terminal. She was standing in the portico, one hand on a cane, the other on the arm of her younger companion. Her shoulders were no longer straight. Her steps were slow and painful. But the eyes were the same lively blue, the white hair aglow with its youthful sheen of gold. This time I gazed at her with an interest which was more than curiosity. more even than rapt admiration. For

(Continued on page 88)

The author, right, and Dr. Ida Scudder discuss Mrs. Wilson's recent Biblical novel.





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I had flown halfway around the world to write the story of her life.

Already I knew enough about her and her remarkable family to give zest to the adventure. Her grandfather, Dr. John Scudder I, sailing for India in 1819, was the first medical missionary ever to go out from America to a foreign country. Every one of his seven surviving sons had become medical missionaries to India. And out of the three succeeding generations 42 members of the Scudder family have given a sum total of eleven hundred years to missionary service. The exploits of any one of them would have been enough to whet any author's appetite, and here I had been given carte blanche to delve into the adventures of the most famous of them all!

I knew the extraordinary story of her "call" to be a medical missionary. After graduating from Northfield Seminary in 1890, because of her mother's ill health Ida Scudder returned to India, the land of her birth, as a shortterm missionary. But not to stay! She was determined, never, never to become a full-time missionary. She had too many unpleasant memories connected with the job: the night of pouring rain when, a girl of fourteen, she had seen her mother off to join her father in India and had rushed upstairs in her uncle's Chicago home to weep out her unbearable desolation in her mother's pillow; worse yet, the days of the terrible famine of 1875 when, a child of five in India, she and her five older brothers had doled food to starving children in the mission compound, with never quite enough in the baskets to go around, crumbling bits of bread into open mouths because the clawlike hands were too weak to lift it; when, riding home from church in the pony cart one Sunday, she had seen two tiny figures lying by the roadside.

'Look at those children!" she had cried excitedly, "What-why-?"
"They're dead," her ayah had told

her with calm bluntness.

No, Ida Scudder, beautiful and in love with life at nineteen, wanted nothing to do with the life of a missionary nor with the appalling needs of a country for which so many members of her family had sacrificed their lives. She would remain in India for a short time, until her mother was recovered, then return to America and go to Wellesley College as she had planned, wed herself either to a rich man or to an exciting career and live Life as she had dreamed it, with a capital "L."

But one night as she sat writing letters in her room in the mission bungalow, dust drifting about her head from the forages of white ants in its thatched roof, something happened. Three men came, one after the other, to the veranda outside her door. The first was a Brahmin, highest of all the Hindu castes; the second a Mohammedan; the third another high caste Hindu, Each came with the same request. His young wife lay dangerously ill in childbirth, with none but the ignorant barber woman, traditional midwife of India, to attend her. Would the young woman from America come and help?

"But I couldn't help you. It's my father you want," the girl told each one, first eagerly, then hopefully, finally with desperation. "He's the doctor. Let

me go and call him.'

No. The answer each time was firm, resigned, final. Custom did not permit any man outside the family to even look on the face of his wife. It was pavum, a pity. But if the Missy Ammal could not help, then his wife must die. It was no doubt the will of Vishnu, Allah, Shiva.

Ida spent a sleepless night. In the morning she sent a servant to inquire about the three young wives. Even before he returned she heard the sounds of funeral drums passing the bungalow on the road to the burning place at the river bank. All three of the young women, the servant told her, were dead. After more long hours of struggle Ida went to her father and mother and announced simply, "I must go to America and study to be a doctor and come back to help the women of India.'

ARRIVED in Vellore, a teeming city of some 140,000 about 80 miles west of Madras, I found the results of that decision all about me: the little ten-bytwelve room in the mission bungalow where Dr. Ida had opened a tiny dispensary in 1900, ministering during the first two years to over 5000 patients; the little forty-bed hospital for which she herself had raised the money, where she had for years been the only doctor and had performed her first major operation with no one except an untrained butler's wife to assist her; the huge sprawling medical center down in the heart of the city, with its over 700 beds, its multiple departments, its staff of nearly a thousand, its efficient school of nursing, its branch hospitals, rural health centers, leprosorium and traveling dispensaries, its annual ministry to over 175,000 patients; the incredibly beautiful Medical College four miles south of town, a small city in itself, abounding in stately stone buildings, profuse gardens, mountain vistas and with more than three hundred of the most clear-eyed, alert, intelligent students to be found on any campus in the world.

Settling here at the college, close to Dr. Ida, I plunged into my research.

The amount of work I faced was staggering. I was to steep myself in 87

^{*}See review of Doctor Ida, on page 60.

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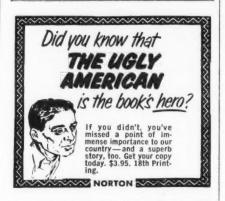
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years of a great woman's life, crammed to the brim with activity and achievement and lived for the most part in what was to me a strange environment. Most of my previous research on India had been in the north. Here in South India I encountered new customs, languages, religious ceremonies, racial backgrounds. Besides assembling 87 years of facts about my heroine, I must make available for future reference exhaustive data on climate, flowers, trees, birds, animals, stars, food, crops, houses, cooking, building, transportation, dress, jewelry, education, birth, weddings, funerals, superstitions, feasts, worship, temples, gods, money, government, diseases, remedies, hospitals.

And I had promised my district-superintendent husband that I would be home in three months!

Equipped with a dozen notebooks, a ream of paper cut into three-by-five pieces, four ball point pens, four mechanical pencils (three of them were soon stolen) and my little Swiss typewriter, I set to work.

There was no lack of assistance. Dr. Ida was a legend not only in Vellore but for hundreds of miles around. Indeed, a letter once sent from America with the sole address, "Dr. Ida, India," had promptly reached its destination. Wherever I went, in college, hospital, church, bazaar, bus, railroad train, people came to me, faces lighting, with bits of information and anecdotes,

"She used to keep four clocks in her room, all five minutes fast, to make sure she would get to places on time!"...

Once when she was examiner in Anatomy for the University of Madras and snowed under with work, she went and sat in a tub of cold water to wake herself up to correct all the papers." . . .

"Have you heard the one about Aunt Ida and the tennis tournament? It happened only a few years ago. A young girl champion drew the doctor's name and went home wailing to her mother, 'Oh, dear, I've pulled a granny!' Hearing of the statement, Dr. Ida remarked tartly, 'I'll granny her!' Whereupon she wiped up the court with her young opponent, not letting her win a single game!"...

"After she was worn out from operations, she would come home, change her dress, put on a flower and call gaily, 'Let's have some music!"...

"Once a young American sailor came to Madras with only 24 hours leave. Somebody had told him he must see the medical center at Vellore. He arrived at two in the morning. Aunt Ida insisted on getting up and, taking a lantern, showed him around the new hospital with as much enthusiasm as if he'd been John D. Rockefeller!"...

Yes, everybody was eager and willing to dispense information-except the person from whom I most needed it. "Oh, dear," Dr. Ida would worry ongmans BOOKS Faii 1959

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when I began asking her questions about the past, "I can't remember. How frustrating! My brains are getting slower than my feet."

Frustrating indeed to one who at 50. with no buildings, no staff, no money, successfully launched a medical college for Indian women; at 60 was engineering the building of the greatest medical center in all Asia, supported by women of all the major denominations in America and Britain; at 72 was starting a four-year trek up and down America campaigning for her third million dollars; at 80 was still playing championship tennis, climbing mountains, giving the hospital nurses a race to keep up with her, running sightseers ragged; and at 86, less than a year ago, was riding an elephant for four hours through the jungle! It was frustrating also to one who had come 12,000 miles to write her story. Before the first week was over, I was close to despair.

"Wait," counseled Dr. Ida B. Scudder, her niece, namesake and worthy successor in the field of medical missions. "We're going to Hill Top next week. We may find material there."

We did. Hill Top, Dr. Ida's beautiful home in the hill station of Kodaikanal, a paradise on the tip and summit of a 7000-foot mountain spur, yielded more than invigorating coolness and vistas of incredible beauty. Bless the woman, she was a hoarder! She had kept letters written her by her mother back in the 1880's, their neat spidery script as legible as black type. There was a delightfully naive diary of her last half-year at Northfield in 1898; and, rarest treasure of all, a packet of some of the most tender and poetic love letters ever written by man to woman!

I returned to Vellore with three huge suitcases full of letters, diaries, newspaper clippings, notebooks, business files, pamphlets, programs, pictures, souvenirs, lecture notes, building plans, engraved invitations, yellowed dust, white ants and silverfish and immersed myself in the life of one of the most remarkable women of this century. It was profound, illuminating, humbling.

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I traveled through a 100-mile radius over roads scored successively with the tracks of her bullock cart and pony jutka, her little one-cylindered French Peugeot, her old Ford, her first crudely fitted ambulance, her new shining well-equipped mobile clinics.

I saw a thousand patients treated in one day on one of those weekly "Roadsides" which, since she made her first stop under a banyan tree in 1909, have ministered to at least a million patients.

I saw the claw hands of lepers restored to usefulness, distorted faces reshaped into human dignity. I visited an "Eye Camp" where 67 cataract operations were performed in one day, part of an extension program which in ten years has given sight to 10,000 of India's blind.

I interviewed many of the 1,850 graduates—doctors, nurses, midwives, compounders, technicians—whom the Christian Medical College has radiated into the farthest corners of the vast sub-continent.

I walked slowly with Dr. Ida, along corridors where her feet had once sped, through wards and operating rooms where she often labored around the clock, I saw her climb two long flights of stairs to take a plucked hibiscus flower to a suffering patient and saw a half naked villager prostrate himself full length in her path, his dark hands reaching out to touch the hem of her dress as she passed.

And always, wherever we went, I heard hammers pounding, saw ladders rising, new walls mounting, to bring her dream to even greater fulfillment.

DOESN'T it give you a—a thrill," I asked her once, fumbling for words, "to see all this and know that you helped create it?"

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied fervently. "God has been very good to me."

It was in this same spirit of gratitude and humility that I finally took my pen in hand and began to write the story of her life.

THE END

AN ENGLISH TEACHER LOOKS AT THE "TWO BIBLES"

(Continued from page 85)

mon nouns. Sometimes the RSV prefers the Hebrew or Aramaic name to its English translation in the AV, as: "the Arabah over against Zuph" instead of "the plain over against the Red Sea"; "the Valley of Baca" instead of "the Valley of Weeping." RSV often calls the AV "giants" by a tribal name, "Nephilim" or "Rephaim."

In one place in Chronicles the AV "river" becomes the RSV "Euphrates"; in Zechariah, with an Egyptian setting, it becomes the RSV "Nile."

At times the opposite process is at work. The personified wind Euroclydon of Paul's Mediterranean journey becomes a mere "northeaster." Lucifer, in Isaiah's virile apostrophe to the king of Babylon, is called "Day Star." The disciple Thomas is "the Twin" instead of "Didymus." A "Canaanite," at the end of the book of Zechariah, becomes "a trader."

Sometimes one geographical or national name is substituted for another. When the settled Hebrew brings his offering of first-fruits to the priest, he is to recall the insecure past in contrast to his safe present with the words, "A wandering Aramaean [AV: "A Syrian ready to perish"] was my father." The forbidden booty taken from Jericho by

the covetous Achan included (AV) "a goodly Babylonian garment," or (RSV) "a beautiful mantle from (RSV) Shinar.'

Some of the common nouns used in geographic descriptions have been changed. "Mountains" ("mountain," 'mount") frequently become "hills" or "the hill country" in the new-to match the facts of Palestine. "The oaks of Mamre" become "the plain of Mamre." "The plain of the Jordan" is sometimes "the Jordan Valley."

The question put to Jeremiah, (AV) "If in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" is changed from the suggestion of a flood to that of untamed vegetation on the banks: (RSV) "If in a safe land you fall down, how will you do in the jungle of the Jordan?"

N Zechariah again, "the pride of Jordan" becomes "the jungle of the Jordan." If, as I did, you have wondered why Isaiah so often in his poetical messages addresses the "islands" "ides" when there seemed to be so few if any such connected with Judah, you are pleased to find that these are really "coastlands" and therefore fit into the Palestinian perspective.

Where some AV descriptions of boundaries have been hard to follow, there is clarification in the new: "even unto the river Arnon, half the valley, and the border" becomes, "as far as the valley of the Arnon, with the middle of the valley as boundary." Similarly, in the New Testament, "through the midst of Samaria and Galilee" becomes "along between Samaria and Galilee.'

Perhaps the most marked change to the usage of today is in the category of physiology. When King Belshazzar saw the handwriting on the wall, "his countenance was changed," says the old; the new says his "color changed." "Bosom" may become "lap."

"Thou hast possessed my reins" becomes "Thou didst form my inward parts." Ezekiel is told in symbolic act to "eat this scroll . . . and fill your stomach with it"; the old form is archaic indeed: "Cause thy belly to eat and fill thy bowels with this roll.'

Where the word "heart" is used in the AV it is generally retained in the RSV; but it sometimes becomes "understanding" or "mind" as in: "Wine and new wine take away the understanding."

"Flesh" in the literal sense is often retained, sometimes it becomes "body." In the figurative sense, knowing "no man after the flesh" becomes regarding "no one from the human point of view." And in both senses, here is an interesting passage: AV: "Though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh," RSV: "Though we live in the world, we are not carrying on a worldly war.'

"Of a hard forehead" is interpreted to mean "impudent." "In your ears" becomes "in your hearing," "proud" re-places "fat" and "thy gaze" is substituted for "thine eyelids.

The spirit of reverence for the human body as God's creation is of course unchanged by variations of wording in the two versions. Here is an example from the Old Testament (AV in parentheses): "You (ye) shall not round off the hair on your temples (round the corners of your heads) or mar the edges of your beard (neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard). You (ye) shall not make any cuttings in your flesh on account of (for) the dead or tattoo (nor print) any marks upon you; I am the LORD."

And Paul writes to the Corinthians: "Shun immorality (Flee fornication). Every other sin (every sin) which a man commits (that a man doeth) is outside (without) the body; but the immoral man (he that committeth fornication) sins (sinneth) against his own body.

The revisers have taken the inadvertent humor out of some verses. They have added the word "elsewhere" to the line, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand"; and they have altered the sentence, "When they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses," to read, "When men arose early in the morning, these were all dead bodies.'

There is sometimes radical rewording in the RSV.

AV: They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not; they must needs be borne, because they cannot go.... The stock is a doctrine of vanities.

RSV: Their idols are like scarecrows in a cucumber field and they cannot speak; they have to be carried, for they cannot walk.... The instruction of idols is but wood!

If in childhood scarecrows gave you as much pleasure as they did me, you will enjoy finding them mentioned, even disrespectfully!

The explanations of many other categories of change must be left to specialists, I suppose, but we lay folk can get a lot of pleasure in noting names of musical instruments; words used in descriptions of the Tabernacle and the Temple and their furnishings and ceremonies; names of officials in state or church; words that are basic to creeds, a change in which may arouse theological discussion; the names of plants and animals; figures of speech, distinctions between poetry and prose; and many other points of comparison,

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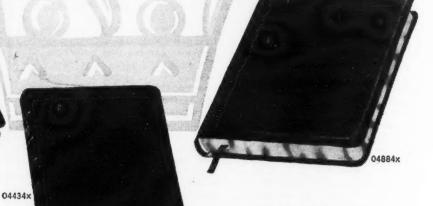
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RIPE HARVEST

(Continued from page 28)

brought in the key and said she'd be in Europe for some months and was taking Lou with her, and would we keep an eye on the place. Lou was terribly sorry she couldn't say good-by to you, Johnny. It all came up so suddenly, though I think from what Miss Marsden said she'd known for quite a while.'

It was hard for Johnny to forgive Lou's aunt for that. Or for saying, as she did to Mr. Crankshaw, the lawyer who arranged some matters for her, "It's high time Lou saw something more than Lyndham can offer. Lou's the age when she needs a wider outlook.

There were cards from Lou. One or two brief letters. From London, Geneva, Paris. She wrote, Johnny told himself, like one who had stars in her eves. She was seeing so much, learning so many things. Johnny cherished the letters-and feared them. What would he, or Lyndham, or any of the small, familiar things they had shared, be to her after this? He hadn't quite put his disguiet into words, but his father did one day when news came that Mr. and Mrs. Chester Randall and Miss Lou Marsden were back.

"Look, Johnny," he said, "I don't want to discourage any hopes, but, well, don't count too much on Lou being the same. I wouldn't want you to

get hurt, dreaming things."

So if you don't want to get hurt, do you give up dreaming? He almost had. Almost. You try to forget the wound, but it doesn't heal, quite. And then Lou was back from Europe. Quite an important young person. Interviewed with the Randalls. The pictures of all three in the Lyndham Argus. A very sophisticated looking Lou. Lovely even in the paper. Johnny's heart thumped. Grandfather said, "Will they be

opening up the house next door?'

The Lyndham Argus said yes. It said, "Asked about their possible return to Lyndham, Mrs. Randall said, 'We thought we might run down for a few days soon. Probably over the Thanksgiving week-end. My niece? I'm not sure. She makes her own plans.'

Johnny said, "Mum, I wish I knew." His father said, "Johnny, remember

what I told vou.'

"What's that?" Grandfather cocked an ear. They told him. "Different? snorted Grandfather. "Of course, she'll be. Can't help it. Would you want people to stand still?"

"I guess," Johnny said, "I want things the way they were a year ago."

"Some things never change," his mother said. "They don't have to."

Grandfather reached out a shaky hand and put it on her arm.

"That's just the kind of thing Grandma used to say," he told her.

It was getting dusk on the eve of Thanksgiving when Johnny heard the car. He heard the wheels on gravel, the slam of car doors, the sound of voices. She's come, he thought. How could she stay away? Now I'll know if-how much -she's changed. Just as soon as I see her; just as soon as she speaks.

He left all the happy clamor in his own house, aunts, uncles, cousins and their broods all home for the holiday. The talk and catching up of family gossip. The pleasant confusion in finding blankets and bedding and sleeping space. The children quarreling and then squealing with joy.

Johnny saw a light go on in the house next door-Lou's house, that had been empty all these months.

His heart was pounding.

The big car standing there had its door open, and by the interior light he saw a woman. He stood for a moment of hesitation, then resolutely went forward. His footsteps seemed too loud on the weed-grown gravel.

"Hullo," Sylvia Randall said. A man's voice called a question from the house and she said, "Be there in a moment,"

then, "How are you, Johnny?"
He said, "Is Lou—" His voice choked absurdly on the name.

"Lou didn't come with us."

"Oh." It was like a blow on the face,

and yet, in a way, a reprieve.

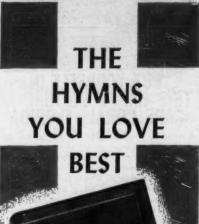
"She may come yet," Sylvia Randall said, "if she can get away. She has her own car. I wouldn't know." Her voice, so casual, softened. "I'm sorry, Johnny, if you're disappointed, but Lou's old enough now to make up her own mind. You've got to remember, Johnny, she has a lot of new interests.

I OU can say that again, Johnny thought, walking back to the house, suddenly resenting all the excitement, edging away from it, not wanting any part or lot in it all . . . hardly knowing where he went until he found himself on that path by the river where, it seemed so long ago, he had looked into Lou's eyes and known how it was with them . . . with him, at least.

A moon had come up and beyond the dark occasional glimmer of the river the fields looked silvered and ghostly after harvest. A small wind rose in the crisp night, bringing down some remaining leaves to mingle with the dead ones that rustled under his feet.

By turning his head he could catch a glimpse of white above the trees in the distance. Moonlight touching the spire of the little church. Just underneath was the tower where the bell was in memory of Grandmother. Tomorrow it would call the people to-to be thankful, even Grandfather who was what the Bible might call old and stricken with years ... with years of

(Continued on page 95)





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Christmas on the Lawn

CHRISTMAS is Christ's birthday.

During recent years, with all the holiday activities, people have a tendency to stray far from the old and true celebration of Christmas. In fact, there

are some places where Christ has been forgotten altogether.

A letter came to us some years ago from Rev. Edw. L. Lew, a former navy chaplain, who now lives in Davenport, Iowa. He heads an organization whose efforts are devoted solely to putting Christ back into Christmas, This organization is made up of people from all

denominations.

Mr. Lew asked if we would help in the campaign. He requested that we develop a nativity scene that could easily be constructed by any amateur. He wanted the scene to be printed in full color with all fifteen figures to be two-thirds life size. This makes the scene suitable for use in store windows, in churches and church yards, in city parks and in private yards. As it later turned out, the scenes went on display in all these places and many more. They were used by industrial plants, city halls, schools, in Christmas parades, even on ships at sea.

The nativity scene you see pictured here has been printed in full color. Each of the figures is two-thirds life size. You need not be an artist at all when you make this scene. All you need do is to paste the pictures on plywood. Next saw them out just as you see them here. This can be done with an inexpensive jig-saw or even a hand coping saw. After that you fasten stakes to the back and they are ready to be placed in your yard for everyone to see. Complete directions come with each set.

Because there is no painting required and no fitting of parts together, you couldn't find an easier or better project for youth groups. The pictures have been beautifully done by artist, Charles

Howell.

THIS display during the Christmas season will awaken in all of us the true idea of Christmas. It will make us realize that unless we allow the Christ child to come into our homes and hearts on His birthday, then Christmas becomes a mere tinkling of bells and shining tinsel.

To obtain the full colored pictures of nativity scene No. C-7 shown here, send \$10 (by check, currency or money order) to Steve Ellingson, Christian Herald Pattern Dept., Van Nuys, Calif.

The same scene for use indoors is also available. Order No. 180, \$2, END

Full-color, two-thirds life size nativity scene can be assembled by an amateur.



Dept. RS-1

RIPE HARVEST

(Continued from page 93)

living... the good and the bad, through sunshine and rain, through war and peace, through sickness and health, through change and decay. Tomorrow an old, old man would expect him, Johnny, to be, well, mature and philosophical when, without Lou, there was a hot young rebellion going on inside.

NOW the day had come. Too beautiful. Too bright. Now they were all downstairs waiting, wondering why the delay. He stood there, remembrance flowing through him, so swift in the mind that the seconds ticking off in the big clock in the hall could contain the years. From the window he could see the house next door. Suppose she did decide to come. He'd want to be here, not at church.

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There was a sound on the stairs, a soft footfall outside his bedroom door. Johnny," his mother said.

He turned to say, "I'm not going," but at sight of her caught back the words. Her hair was flecked faintly with gray, and she was wearing a dress that wasn't new but was carefully ironed, and she looked surprisingly young and lovely and she smelled of some perfume that belonged to her only on high days and holy days. He thought of how hard she'd worked to prepare for this family occasion, and how much she still had on her mind and on her shoulders, with the dinner and everything, and only when he looked again could he detect a hidden tiredness which she was brushing off.

He glanced over again at the house next door, then turned to her. "Be right with you, Mum," he said, and her eyes at once thanked him and said she understood.

"Oh, here you are," Grandfather said, as they joined the others, and, aided by his cane just a little, he walked straight and proudly behind all the family. Sylvia Randall in slacks and T-shirt gave Johnny a look and a shrug, and went back to help her husband do a bit of polishing to their glittering car. Johnny saw in them, in it, the world to which Lou now belonged. He welcomed the distraction of breaking up a slight occasion between one of Uncle Rodger's twins and Aunt Susan's sevenyear-old; and Cousin Gladys' five-yearold Michael who looked his disapproval through heavy-lensed corrective glasses was heard to remark solemnly that children shouldn't ought to fight on the way to church. Everybody laughed, except Johnny. It wasn't, for him, a day to laugh.

He wished he didn't so vividly remember last year. Lou with them then, walking under these very maples; seeing the autumn pattern of the landSo Easy to SEW! So Easy to SAVE And still Own the Quality and Beauty of

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ONE STANDS OUT

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scape beyond the flaming wayside bushes, brown fields, green pastures, stubble golden-yellow after harvest; sniffing good savory smells from open windows; coming at last to the church, white in the sharp sunlight as now.

Now, as then, the bell Grandfather had given was ringing a final invitation; they were barely in time to secure additional seatings just behind the family pew. His grandfather was on the outside seat of their own pew as usual, then Johnny's mother and father, small solemn Michael at his own insistence, then Johnny, and, even with some of the others, room, Johnny thought—room for

the girl who wasn't there.

They stood up to sing, "Come, ve thankful people, come," and a sudden hot rebellion shut his heart and his mouth. He caught his mother's glance, and then his Grandfather's, and it was almost as if the old man spoke, and said, "There are still things to be thankful for; make a list, boy?" and Johnny remembered that out there in the sunlight was the stone that marked where his grandmother lay, and all that the years had done and not done. He heard his mother's high, sweet soprano, and his father's bumbling bass, and Grandfather making shift to work in some tenor, and, feeling a little ashamed, he lifted his voice and sang too.

E WAS singing when he heard his grandfather cough, his mother's voice faltered, and then his father stopped singing, and he stopped too. A voice whispered, "Is there room for me?"

"Oh, Johnny," she explained, "I started early enough because I wanted to get home for this almost more than anything else, but I had car trouble.

So I came directly here.'

Small, solemn Michael had moved over to make room between himself and Johnny's father, but a gloved hand drew him gently though firmly back, to get next to Johnny. "You don't think," she said, "I came all this way to sit beside anybody but Johnny, do you?"

Small solemn Michael said quite loudly, "You shouldn't talk in church."

That was all right with Johnny. He didn't want to talk. He just stood there—his heart swelling—holding, sharing, the hymn book with Lou, feeling her hand touch his as she joined her contralto to his mother's soprano.

"All is safely gathered in," they sang, and his mother's glance reached past to meet Johnny's as if to say she'd known all along Lou was the kind who knew what things change and what don't. But Grandfather, after one knowing glance at them, stared straight ahead; and Johnny had a feeling he was seeing beyond, was remembering Grandmother when he and she were young like this and was giving thanks for all the ripe harvest of his years.

The End



KITCHEN CLEANLINESS

AVE you ever given a little shudder at what some of your fellow workers do in the church kitchen? Have you ever wondered whether they do these things at home—or only when they are giving their services as part of a group? Is it natural for people to let down their standards when they know they are not preparing food for their own families—when they don't know who will next use the dishes they are washing?

Perhaps you have seen one of your members gaily setting tables, picking up and using, without washing, a piece of silver she has dropped on the nottoo-clean rough cement floor. Perhaps some of the ladies have brought salads and rolls from home for the meal in uncovered dishes which have been open to flies or dust and lint from the

If you think cleanliness is next to godliness, take a peek in your church kitchen at the next church supper

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The Thankful Commandment

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

Preparation: Move a blackboard to the front of the room and with chalk prepare a heading called Blessings List. Then write on the board simple words rich in meaning: church, Bible, family, friends, health, freedom, food, clothes, flowers, birds, sun, rain. These words and others which occur to you may be written in longhand and need not be placed in even rows. There may be an advantage of informality in placing them like a school child's autograph album, written criss-cross as well as horizontal. Keep this Blessings List where members can watch it as the service progresses. If you prefer, a Blessings List can be typed or mimeographed and handed to each individual as she takes her place.

Hymn: God of Grace and God of Glory in Hymns for Creative Living.

Scripture Reading: Colossians 3:15

Meditation: Have you taken time to browse the windows of a bookstore lately? Whether in small town or large city there are sure to be titles dealing with that ever present problem, how to find peace of mind, a serene spirit, and a hopeful heart. Such book jackets are nudged for space by modernistic designs advertising the newest book about the space age and rocket ships. Perhaps this very contrast points up the increasing need to find the answer to the problems created by living in a world of tension.

That solution is provided in today's Scripture. The secret for living peacefully in an age of confusion is to "let" or permit and allow the peace of God to rule in the heart. A definite commandment comes with this gracious Bible promise. It is directed squarely at each individual. For this Bible verse ends, "And be ye thankful."

Now, in Thanksgiving month, is a good time to try to put into practice this thankful commandment. There is good precedence for it in American life. Surely the Pilgrims understood the importance of thankfulness if they were to conserve their energies and build a nation. When setting aside the first Thanksgiving observance they utilized the two factors which are as important for individuals as nations: in being thankful, first start where you are; next, move from there to where you would like to be.

American pioneers started with what they had, even in the face of sickness and the death of many of the first settlers, So we can start with what we have, despite the threat of nuclear bombs. We can give thanks that so far America has been protected from war on her own soil. This leads to remembering veterans in hospitals, those still suffering from the effects

Thankfulness gives a chance to move forward to where we would like to be living in a world of peace among nations as well as with peace in the heart. True thanksgiving lists the factors which make our country Christian and is reflected in the wish to try to preserve these ideals of freedom.

Shall we look at a suggested list of things we have to be grateful for today in this church? Let us first have a season of silent prayer reflecting on the blessings listed on the blackboard. In your heart you may wish to add some personal blessings which contribute much to the happiness of your family,

Prayer: Dear Heavenly Father, forgive us the times when we have overlooked the true reason for our lack of peace of mind. We forget that this serenity depends on our being thankful for that which we already have received of Thy great abundance. Help us to use wisely for others the blessings which Thou hast given us in trust as individuals and as a nation. In the name of Jesus who is our peace.

floor of the car as it travels. You may see your best friend washing dishes in a pan of water so dark and full of coffee grounds you wonder how she can put her hands into it. You may have been taught at home that slinging a dish towel over the shoulder brings it in contact with loose hair and dandruff, and yet you see many of your most willing workers doing just that.

What is there to do about it? Is there a way to correct this situation without

hurting anyone's feelings?

Setting up a code of sanitation and cleanliness for your church kitchen is an impersonal way of calling attention to things which some of your members may never have thought about, for the workers in any group are apt to come from many different backgrounds with varying standards of behavior,

If the kitchen crew meets together and works out its sanitation code through open discussion, specific rules can be set up by the general agreement of everyone concerned. After that, everyone will be expected to conform to the rules, and it will not seem as if anyone is dictating to another.

Before holding your meeting to work out the code, it would be wise to ask for suggestions from your local home demonstration agent, who will be able to advise you on the best standards of sanitation for community kitchens. Also, get a copy of your Sanitary Code from the public health authorities. Then you

(Continued on page 100)

SEASONAL PLAYLETS

TWO new playlets for Thanksgiving and Christmas are now available. "For This We Give Thanks" needs four women and a young person plus musicians: a woman writing a Thanksgiving play for her church, an Indian maiden, a Pilgrim, a pioneer, a Boy or Girl Scout.

"Behind the Scenes" is an amusing Christmas playlet showing the confusion that goes on in the wings at the annual Christmas pageant. This calls for two adults and 11 children, though there could be some duplication of children's parts. Both playlets were written by Ethel Durnal Posegate and are available at 15¢ each plus a stamped, addressed envelope.

A limited number of last year's Christmas programs are still available. "The Old, Old Story," Scriptural program using voice-speaking choir, and 'A Dream of Peace," a playlet involving the Christmas story, each 15¢.

For any one of these programs send coins and stamped envelope to Woman's Place in the Church Dept., 27 E. 39th St., New York 16, N.Y. Be sure to indicate which programs you wish.

Indian Festival of Lights Can you wrap a sari or a turban? This gay Social of the Month gives you full instructions

LOOKING for a charmingly different type of supper to build up the dwindling missionary fund? Let the Couples Club prepare a curry supper inspired by the Festival of Lights, which is celebrated in India in late October or early November, when hundreds of tiny lights are set out in the darkness on the ledges of roofs, along driveways and river banks.

Collect garden lights and stick them into the ground along the path leading to the entrance to your festival. Place other lanterns on the roof above the entrance. Softly light the whole interior of the hall where the supper is being held with lanterns about the walls. String Christmas-tree lights around the walls and cover each colored bulb with a simple lantern cut out of black construction paper in lattice-work shapes. Tin cans with designs punched in them with nails also give a patterned light.

Gather as many Indian curios as the homes of your members will yield, and use them to decorate the hall. These will include melodious brass bells, carved elephants and other figures in ivory and teakwood, Indian prints to hang on the walls, brass and copper bowls and vases.

Have a record player provide background music of distinctly Indian origin throughout the evening. This may include such things as "Folk Music of India," produced by Ethnic Folkways Records, or "Song of India," by Rimski-Korsakov. For program, show a film of India. A catalogue of 16 mm. sound films is available from the Government of India Information Services, 2107 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 8, D.C. Friendship Press, 257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, has an excellent booklet for 60¢, which will give other suggestions for program, games and decorations, and a playlet, "New Lights in an Old Village." It is called, "Fun and Festival from India, Pakistan, and Ceylon."

Members of the Couples Club will act as hosts and hostesses, greeting all comers at the door by putting their hands together in true Indian salute. To give color to the proceedings it would be nice for as many as possible to wear turbans or saris.

Don't be dismayed at the thought of wrapping either a turban or a sari, With a very little practice it can be mastered. For a turban you will need a length of soft cloth about a yard wide and anywhere from four to thirty feet long. Cheesecloth is inexpensive, or use a piece of fine silk or cotton. (Acetates and rayons slip and aren't manageable.) Start with a tail-piece of the fabric held firmly at the center back of the head. Then draw the material over the top of the head to the center forehead and wind it around the left side, back of the head and all the way around to the center forehead again. Draw it down the center of the head to the back and around first the left side and then the right, always going through the center to give the peaked effect over the forehead. When all your fabric is used, tuck the end into the folds. You can decorate it with a jeweled pin, if you like.

The sari consists of a straight piece

of cloth a little wider than from waist to ankles, and from six to nine yards long. Wear a simple blouse with it. Soft muslins or sheer silks are typical.

To wind a sari, spread the entire length of cloth out on the floor, and tuck one end of it into your belt at center front, so that the width of the fabric hangs straight down to the floor. Then, winding yourself into the cloth (to prevent tangling), turn, so that it goes around you once. Now make from four to seven wide pleats in the edge of the material, drawing it up until your judgement tells vou you have enough left to wrap once more around you and loop over your shoulder. Then tuck the ends of the pleats into your belt, making a nice full skirt. Wrap the cloth once more around your waist, and toss the end up over your shoulder so that it hangs down as far as the waist in back. Married women in India wear the sari over their heads, but unmarried women over the shoulder.

Serve a good curried dish, such as the chicken curry given here. Let everyone pick up tray, silver and napkin, and pass along to receive his food cafeteria style. When filled he can take his tray and squat on the floor, Indian fashion, to eat. You might place trays with bowls of condiments for the curry in various places around the room. When individuals have filled their trays, they can sit down around these condiment trays and help themselves from the wooden bowls of peanuts, chutney, candied ginger and coconut. Offer orange ice and fruit cake for dessert or sliced oranges and coconut.

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KITCHEN CLEANLINESS

(Continued from page 98)

can see how well you comply with it.

In some states there is agitation for legislation to provide that food and drink stands operated by churches, civic and charitable organizations be placed under provisions of the state's food sanitation laws. This means that vour church kitchen might some day be inspected just as carefully as regular restaurants are. You can be a step ahead of this action by organizing your own code of sanitation now. Besides, churches ought to surpass minimum standards, enforced or not.

Mrs. Barbara C. Joukovsky, home demonstration agent of Westchester County, N.Y., says that the points their office most strongly emphasize with church women are: that they use a sanitizing solution in rinsing dishes; that they wear clothes to work in that can be washed and hairnets to cover their hair; that they have a separate place from the kitchen sink for workers to wash their hands. Most women, she finds, are glad to take these suggestions; they just never thought about them.

Of course, the easiest solution to the problem of clean-up is paper service, and this is ideal for rural churches which may not even boast a church

kitchen. Today paper cups, dishes, plates, containers of all types, paper table cloths and napkins, paper, wooden or plastic knives, forks and spoons, are obtainable in a wide variety of sizes and patterns. Most are available in variety or department stores, but they can also be purchased most economically from your local jobber. You can locate him in the yellow pages.

This way, dishwashing can be restricted to the minimum necessary for pots and pans. There is no need of embarrassment, because borrowed china is broken. As each course is completed, the paper dishes and cups can be thrown away in a receptacle provided for the purpose, and later burned.

For money-making functions, paper is helpful because the precise cost of paper service can be determined without calculating the investment in dishes and glassware or the cost of breakage and other dishwashing costs.

But even with paper service there are still some dishes to be done by hand. Dishwashing machines do not always guarantee that the dishes will be clean, although, under the best conditions and properly installed, machines will give you clean, sanitary dishes,

Christian Herald Large Quantity Recipe

KASHMIR CHICKEN CURRY (for 48)

		Test Portions
	48 Portions	(for 6)
Frying chickens	30 lb.	3-3/4 lb.
Butter	3/4 lb.	3 tablespoons
Garlie powder	l teaspoon	1/16 teaspoon
Instant minced onion	1/2 cup	1 tablespoon
Curry powder	1/2 cup	1 tablespoon
Ground ginger	l teaspoon	1/16 teaspoon
Tomato sauce	1/4 cup	1-1/2 teaspoon
Finely diced apples	cups	1/4 cup
Grated coconut	1/2 cup	1 tablespoon
Celery flakes	tablespoons	1 teaspoon
Flour	-1/2 cup	3 tablespoons
Chicken stock	gallon	1 pint
Lemon juice2	tablespoons	3/4 teaspoon
Bay leaf		small piece
Ground thyme1	teaspoon	1/16 teaspoon
Salt and ground black pepper to	o taste	to taste
Hot cream	pint	1/4 cup
Cooked hot rice	lb.	3/4 lb.

Cut each chicken into 8 pieces. Dust lightly with flour and sauté in oil until lightly browned. Remove chicken from pan. Discard oil, but do not wash pan, Reserve, Melt butter in a large heavy pot. Add next 8 ingredients. Cook 3 to 4 minutes, stirring continually. Add flour and cook 3 minutes.

Place half of the chicken stock in reserved pan, Boil for 5 minutes, Blend all stock into curry sauce, stirring until smooth, Add next 3 ingredients and cook about 30 to 35 minutes or until chicken is tender. Correct seasoning if necessary. Stir in hot cream. Serve on bed of rice.

-Courtesy American Spice Trade Assn.

with a minimum of work on your part.

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Either by machine or hand dishwashing methods you must have the following essentials to assure good results, according to the recommendations of the New York State College of Home Economics: 1. Enough work space with dish tables and equipment conveniently arranged. Soiled dishes require more space than clean ones. 2, Plenty of hot water. Water should range in temperature from 100 degrees to 120 degrees F. for satisfactory hand dishwashing, or 140 degrees to 160 degrees F. for machine dishwashing, where there is a good pre-flush arrangement. The final sanitizing rinse must remain between 170 degrees and 180 degrees F. whether dishes are washed by hand or by machine. 3. The right equipment and supplies. Use a rubber scraper or waste paper for scraping dishes; have dishpans or a two- or three-compartment sink for washing and rinsing dishes. Wire racks with long handles are needed for immersing glasses, cups and silver in 170 to 180 degrees F. water or in a sanitizing solution.

You'll need a lot of clean towels if you are going to dry dishes. It's better to let them air-dry, but this is practical only if your sanitizing rinse is very hot and your clean dish space quite large. For dishwashing by hand you can use soaps, but a detergent or dishwashing compound is necessary for a dishwashing machine. Detergents soften hard water and dissolve dish soils. They foam somewhat, but do not form suds. Metal sponges, steel wool, a flexible metal scraper and a short-handled, stiff brush for cleaning pots and pans should be standard church kitchen equipment.

Steps in doing a good dishwashing job by hand can be divided among the different workers:

1. Remove food particles by scraping dishes into a garbage receptacle; rinse or preflush dishes; stack, separating glasses, silver, and china. Soak in cold water utensils that have held eggs, cheese, meats, or starchy foods. Soak utensils that have held fats and sugar or sirup in hot water.

2. Use water as nearly 120 degrees F. as possible for washing dishes. A detergent is better than soap. Start with the glassware, then do silver and finally china.

3. Use clean, warm water to rinse dishes. This is especially important if soap has been used in dishwashing.

4. Place dishes and silver in wire

5. Use one of the following methods to sanitize all dishes and silver:

a. Immerse dishes and silver in a sanitizing solution. Quaternary ammonium compounds are effective in cold as well as hot water. They should be

used according to the directions on the package. These compounds are not poisonous. Diluted, they are colorless and odorless and will not irritate the skin or discolor the silver.

b. Immerse dishes and silver in clear water maintained at a temperature of from 170 degrees to 180 degrees F. To maintain this high temperature, water must be kept over direct heat.

6. Allow dishes to air-dry if space permits; otherwise, wipe them with clean towels. Store dishes in clean cupboards or cover with clean towels.

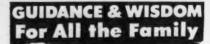
7. Wash dishcloths and towels in clean, hot water with soap. Rinse thoroughly, sanitize by the same method used for dishes, and hang towels where they will dry quickly.

8. Clean all dishpans, sinks and work surfaces thoroughy.

Send for: United States Public Health Service, Guide to Safe Food Service, A Manual for Use in Organizing and Conducting Classes for Food Establishments' Employees, by John Andrews and Frances T. Champion, Feb., 1946. Superintendent of Documents, Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 15¢.

United States Public Health Service, Methods of Sanitizing Eating and Drinking Utensils. Reprint 2574 from the Public Health Reports, Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., 05¢.





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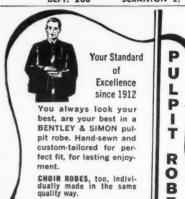
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HYMNS AND HERS

(Continued from page 48)

Hearted, Whole-Hearted," "Another Day Is Dawning," "Thy Life Was Given for Me," "Golden Harps Are Sounding," and many others. "Something new!" we say, when we

read in the press of women filling church pulpits or being elected to important positions in church leadership. Yet for centuries women have been preaching, teaching and leading through their hymns. Said the great American evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, of "Just As I Am," written one hundred and twenty-three years ago by the English hymn-writer. Miss Charlotte Elliott, "It has probably touched more hearts and brought more souls to Christ than any other hymn ever written."

Most of us know of Miss Elliott's conversion, and how she kept the anniversary of her first meeting with her father's friend, the great Genevan evangelist-who told her, "Come to Jesus, just as you are, Charlotte"-as the birthday of her soul.

But it was 14 years after this that the hymn was written, and, as told in a recent book, his counsel then flowered from the dark depths of her bitter disappointment that ill health had prevented her from helping her clergyman brother to establish a school where the daughters of poor clergymen could

To raise money for this cause, the ladies of the church were giving a bazaar. One can imagine how hard Charlotte, an invalid, had worked; how eagerly she had awaited the crowning

come for a fitting education.

of her efforts, the opening day. And then, when the day came, to be too ill to leave her bed to do her share!

A desolate sense of her own uselessness engulfed her, and this perfect hymn was the treasure of that darkness. Little did she know that it was destined to lead thousands upon thousands of burdened souls to the Cross! And, incidentally, God even used it to help along her brother's cause, for the hymn was printed and sold for its benefit.

Our women hymn-writers were full of missionary zeal. They wrote stirring missionary hymns. "O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling," by Mary A. Thompson, has a place in most hymnals. And who has not thrilled to the challenging trumpets of Laura S. Copenhaver's "Heralds of Christ"?

Other missionary hymns, each by a different woman writer, include: "Rescue the Perishing," "Jesus Saves," "The Kingdom Is Coming," "Souls Heathen Darkness Lying," "Let the Song Go Round the Earth," "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go, Dear Lord." There are many others.

Their writers supported missions not

only by pen, but by purse. Frances Havergal sold all her jewelry-her "ornaments"-and gave the proceeds to missionary work. Phoebe Hinsdale Brown, whose pitiful rhymed "apology" to a rude neighbor is now the beloved hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," sent money from her poverty to missionaries in Africa and India by a Christian merchantman long before there was any foreign missionary society in this country. And, although this poor, burdened soul did not learn to read until she was eighteen, her life so influenced her son that he became the first American missionary to Japan,

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AMERICA'S best-known and bestloved gospel-song writer was probably Fannie Crosby, Ten of her hymns are in one of today's hymnals; eight in another! Perhaps if she had not been blind from infancy, she could not have written, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me," and "Safe in the Arms of lesus."

Nobody really knows how many gospel hymns and spiritual songs she wrote. Some say eight thousand; the more conservative, 2,000. And she did not start to write hymns until she was past forty. It is recorded that for years she wrote three original hymns a week for one publisher, and that she wrote the words for "Safe in the Arms of lesus" in twenty minutes.

Where did she get her ideas? From the Bible. She could repeat from memory the four Gospels and the first four books of the Old Testament. Brave and bright and blind, what a harvest of souls she has brought in!

Elizabeth Payson Prentis turned to writing after the death of two children. Her beautiful hymn, "More Love to Thee," is still a favorite. In her biography she said, "I write in verse whenever I am deeply stirred, because, though as full of tears as other people, I cannot shed them-"

Just to think of Phoebe Cary brings a certain stillness to my soul. In imagination, I am wafted overseas to some tranquil old-world village where one still hears the slow, solemn tolling of the "passing bell." And, in the hush, the words of Phoebe Cary's classic, written over a century ago, come with their unmistakable message:

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my Home today Than I ever have been before;

Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea, Nearer my Father's house, Where the "many mansions" be.

Phoebe and Alice Cary, daughters of

an Ohio farmer, secretly started writing poems while still in their early teens. Forbidden by a frugal stepmother to burn candles, they substituted rags for wicks, and saucers of lard for wax, and let genius burn by this improvised light.

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And these are only a few of the hymns written by women! Two of the other better-known ones are "America, the Beautiful," by Katherine Lee Bates, and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe. There are scores more-"Day Is Dying in the "Break Thou the Bread of Life," "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne," "Beneath the Cross of Jesus," "Thine Forever, God of Love," "Work, for the Night Is Coming," "We Would See Jesus," and "God Will Take Care of You."

Do hymns written by women have identifiable differences from those written by men? Not always. But it is difficult to imagine a man writing, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Mrs. W. S. Martin; the nursery favorite, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," by Anna B. Warner; "Brighten the Corner, Where You Are," by Ina D. Ogdon; or Anna Hoppe's touching hymn for the deaf mute. There is a woman's tenderness in:

O deign to hear the silent prayer Of Thine afflicted own-

reminding us that many of our most loved hymns were written by His "afflicted own," making their first appearance in The Invalid's Hymn Book, or some other small volume designed to bring comfort and cheer to the sick.

Yes, women seem to write the more subjective hymns, as Anna L. Waring's "Father, I Know That All My Life," with its plea for "a heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize." There is a woman's natural dependence in "I Need Thee Every Hour," by Annie S. Hawks, and "O Take My Hand, Dear Father," by Julia Hausmann. There is motherly concern in every line of Isabel S. Stephenson's lovely hymn, "Holy Father, in Thy Mercy," which I found in the venerable old Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, and in the brand new Service Book and Hymnal of The American Lutheran Church. Once I heard 500 women, whose sons were in active service in foreign lands, singing it on their knees. Two of its stanzas read:

Holy Father, in Thy mercy Hear our anxious prayer, Keep our loved ones, now far absent 'Neath Thy care.

When in sorrow, when in danger, When in loneliness,

In Thy love look down and comfort Their distress.

So many of the women hymn-writers were the daughters of ministers.

"Let us pray," their fathers intoned. "Let us sing," said the daughters.
May we do both!
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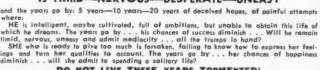
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aily Seditations by HALFORD E. LUCCOCK

Sunday, November 1

READ MATTHEW 18:19, 20

"TWO POLICEMEN in a prowl car raided the prayer watch service in the First Moravian Church at York, Pa., about 2:30 a.m. on September 4," *The Moravian*, Bethlehem, Pa., reports in its issue of October, 1958. The service was one of a long series that day.

The policemen noticed lights, suspected vandalism, and on reaching the sanctuary, one of them shouted: "Here they are, we've got'em." When those assembled informed the police that a prayer service was in progress the officers of the law at first would not believe the explanation. When the minister, Rev. James Gross, invited the police to join the prayer circle they "quickly fled."

This, at least, is one example of following the advice of Paul, "Pray without ceasing."

May we develop the habit, O God, of praying many times, morning, noon and night, that we may never lose the consciousness of Thy love and care and desires for us, In Jesus' name, Amen.

Monday, November 2

READ ROMANS 15:1

Unbar your heart this evening and keep no stranger out.—Joyce Kilmer

A BOOK PUBLISHED in June of this year has this arresting and baffling title, My Heart has Seventeen Rooms. The meaning of the title is found in the fact that an American housewife in India, a woman with a great big heart, did rewarding volunteer work in the 17 rooms of a local hospital. She put her heart into the life of each of the occupants of 17 rooms. She really multiplied her life by 17. How many rooms has your heart?

We thank Thee, O God, for Thy grace in coming into our lives. Help us to swing wide the doors of our hearts to others. Amen.

Tuesday, November 3

READ PSALM 137:5, 6

WE TALK MUCH of "the hazards of modern living." Our dazzling inventions increase the physical risks of living. Today one can get to almost any place on the earth in a few hours. People fly to another country as nonchalantly as our grandparents used to go to the corner grocer's. There are still hazards about travel. Severe storms have not yet been brought under control, Human beings still make errors in judgment.

Think beyond the risks of physical accident. Think of the spiritual hazards of life in this rushing modern world. The hazard of going so fast that we have no time for cultivating the spiritual life, the danger of giving most of our thought to material things, the danger of trying to "keep up with the Joneses."

Grant us Thy presence and guidance, O God, that in the midst of busy days, we may have Thee and Thy service in remembrance. In the name of Jesus. Amen.

Wednesday, November 4

READ LUKE 23:13-23

PILATE MADE two notable remarks at the trial of Jesus. He paid tribute to Jesus when he said, "I find no fault in this man." Then he asked the yelling crowd a question, of which he knew their answer. "What then shall I do with Jesus which is called Christ?"

He had settled the first question and settled it right. He found it terribly hard to answer the second question, and when he did answer it he answered it all wrong. Think this over. It is infinitely easier to think rightly of Jesus than it is to act rightly by Him.

O God, we pray Thee help us both to think rightly of Christ and to do rightly by Him.

Thursday, November 5

READ MATTHEW 7:20, 21

IT IS an interesting and little-known fact that in the Abyssinian Christian Church, Pilate, who condemned Jesus to death, has been canonized as a saint. How strange it sounds, "St. Pilate"! The reason that is given for this strange rating as a saint is that it was done because Pilate said of Jesus, "I find no fault in this man." This meditation continues that of yesterday. We cannot stress it too often, that *praise* of Jesus is not enough. We must add *actions* to praise.

May the Word of God be in us, not in word only, but in power of action. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, November 6

READ EXODUS 8:24

THE VERSE from the book of Exodus about the plague of flies in Egypt may seem a strange selection for a meditation. Yet it has a real suggestion for us. We read that "the whole land was ruined by flies." All travelers in the Middle East, even today, know what a pest and a danger the omnipresent flies are.

A whole land can be ruined by small things, as small as flies. A life can be ruined by small things, or things which seem small, but have a ruinous power over a life. A life can be ruined, as far as any peace and joy are concerned, by a habit of complaining. Small? It can ruin a life as Egypt was ruined by flies. The habit of nagging can be a pest. Ruin can come from small deceits.

May we commit our spirits into Thy keeping, so that we may be saved from small dangers as well as great ones. In Jesus' name. Amen,

Saturday, November 7

READ ROMANS 12:1

In the hour of trial
Jesus, plead for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee.
—James Montgomery

IN THE ANGLICAN cathedral at Hereford, in England, there is a monument on which are carved the words, "Sacred to the memory of John Coren, who died of a decline, October 7, 1804, aged 44." That phrase, in those days, "a decline," would in our time give way to "tuberculosis." Deaths from that disease were not understood; they were ascribed to a "decline."

There are many people whose spiritual life dies of a decline. They decline to keep life replenished by communion with God in prayer. They decline to take up any cross of discipleship, decline to take any tasks of service.

Grant, O God, that day by day we may be transformed by the renewing of our minds. Amen.

Sunday, November 8

READ PSALM 116:12-14

ONE OF THE SAYINGS of St. Teresa of Avila which is well worth re-

membering is a prayer. She prayed, "God deliver me from sullen saints." She had probably known some sullen saints and had no love for them. So she prayed to be delivered from them.

So may we all pray! But our prayer should come closer to ourselves. We should pray that we may not be "sullen saints" ourselves. A sullen saint is a poor advertisement of Christianity. We all know the right way that Robert Louis Stevenson uses the word "sullen": "If morning skies, books or my food, and summer rain knock on my sullen heart in vain . . ." The unresponsive heart is a poor return for God's gifts.

Help us, O God, in all humility, to be persuasive witnesses for Thee. In Iesus' name. Amen.

Monday, November 9

READ JUDE 24, 25

READ THIS WONDERFUL benediction in one of the shortest books in the Bible. A book of one chapter. "Give glory, majesty, dominion and power to Cod." We add, do not merely tak about these things. Do not merely say it. Give it. Give glory to God, the glory of unselfish service. Give majesty to God by making Him the supreme ruler of your life. Give to God dominion over all your powers.

Unto Thee, God, may we give true dominion and power. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Tuesday, November 10

READ JAMES 1:22-24

ONE FINE subject for thought is that of the great verbs of the Gospels. Think of them often. How often the words of action, the verbs, were on the lips of Jesus-verbs such as *come*, *go*, *follow*, *seek*, *knock*, *pray*. The Christian life must be filled with doing.

Carl Sandburg, the poet, looking back on his short stay at West Point, said, "I failed in grammar. Those verbs again. They are terrible things. Verbs cause all the trouble in the world."

Also, verbs, the words of doing, cause the blessedness in the world. We must fill our lives with the verbs of Jesus.

Thou hast called us, our Father, to follow Thee, and not merely to think or talk about Thee. Help us to take up our cross. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Wednesday, November 11

READ MICAH 4:3

IT WAS JUST 41 years ago today that the armistice which ended the First World War was signed. There was, as some remember, riotous rejoicing. One incident in a large office is well worth remembering. The large office force was dismissed so that the stenographers



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and clerks could have a holiday. The manager noted one girl still sitting quietly at her desk. He said to her kindly, "You may go now." She answered, "I will soon, but just now I am praying."

Armistice Day was a good time to pray. Today is a good time to pray for world peace. Victory in two wars did not bring peace, There must be the power of prayer and its result in lives dedicated to peace.

O God, who art the lover of peace and the giver of concord, give peace in our time, we pray, and make us coworkers with the Prince of Peace,

Thursday, November 12

READ COLOSSIANS 1:23

THERE IS much to think about in the government report that thirty million Americans change their address every year. Every day is Moving Day. The statistic brings to mind a picture of moving vans loading and unloading and moving along every street. Look out the window and you can see them.

Think beyond the actual moving vans. There is also much moving away among people whose addresses remain the same. People move away from their faith and conviction. They move away, often by carelessness, from the sustaining relationships of church and its fellowship. We are urged in our Scripture today, "Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel."

Help us, our Father, to be steadfast and immovable in Thy discipleship.

Friday, November 13

READ ACTS 4:13, 14

THE NEWSPAPERS a few months ago carried a story with the strange date line "Malloula, Syria," which began with these words: "Citizens of this isolated Syrian village have one claim to fame. They still speak the language that Jesus spoke. Tiny Malloula and two near-by villages have clung to the Aramaic dialect which Jesus spoke."

How interesting it would be to listen to the dialect which Jesus used! But it is far more important to hear the accent which Jesus used, the stress which He put upon the origin of man in God and the way to live in the love of God. A famous preacher wrote a memorable sermon on "The Galilean Accent." Do people hear the accent of the great Galilean, Jesus, in our speech?

When we speak and act, O God, may there be some reminder to others that we have been with Jesus. Amen.

Saturday, November 14

READ JOSHUA 24:14, 15

ONE LINE OF POETRY is not too much to remember, is it? Very well,

then, try this. It is a line from Robert Frost, "I bid you to a one-man revolution." We hear of many revolutions. There are scores of revolutions going on all over the old and new hemispheres.

Robert Frost bids us to a different kind of a revolution. Not to join a surging crowd of any sort, but to make a real change in our lives. No matter what others may do, we are to make a one-man "revolution," give to the world one more person who has turned his life upside down till the things which Jesus taught and for which he lived and died, are on top.

Grant us an increasing strength, O God, that whatever course others may take, we may serve the Lord. In Jesus' name. Amen,

Sunday, November 15

READ MATTHEW 8:19-22

RECALL TODAY the many times Jesus discouraged merely emotional enthusiasm. So many times He rebuked a gushing outburst that meant nothing. Read the Scripture reference for today. One went all out, verbally, in promise of devotion. Jesus said, in effect, "You don't know what you are getting into." He told the man who wanted to postpone his following of Jesus to "let the dead bury the dead." He did not want anything to come before the allegiance to Him.

But what Jesus never did discourage was a genuine but faltering trust. He welcomed the man who said, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

May our devotion to Thee, O God, be not only in word but in deed. In the spirit of Jesus. Amen.

Monday, November 16

READ PSALM 18:1-3

GEORGE ADE once wrote about a discontented married couple. The motto on the dining room wall said, "Love one another." But Mr. Ade wrote that "they were too busy to read." In other words, they were too busy, period! We are all familiar with the framed motto put up in many dining rooms, "Christ is the head of this house." An uplifting thought. But again, some families are too busy to read.

Do we ever get too busy to read things which might be a wonderful help in life? Not only on the walls, but in the Bible and in the hymn book. It is written, "The Lord is my shepherd," and "Follow me." Are we too busy to read that?

Open our eyes, O God, that we may behold wondrous things out of Thy Book and Thy world. In the name of our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Tuesday, November 17

READ PHILIPPIANS 1:20

SOMETIMES it is hard for us to repeat certain verses in good conscience. Here is a difficult one, "I shall do Christ credit by my unfailing courage." (Phil. 1:20, Goodspeed translation) That is a beautiful thing to feel, that we do credit to Christ by our unfailing courage. But can we honestly say it? Think of the times when courage seems to leave us or grow faint. Peter's courage failed when he was ridiculed for being a disciple of Christ. Does ours? The disciples fled the garden of Gethsemane in fear. Do we ever fear to make a forthright Christian witness?

Help us, our Father, to speak boldly in Thy name. Amen.

Wednesday, November 18

READ PSALM 100:2

A MINISTER in New York, Minot J. Savage, wrote more than sixty years ago these words bidding us seek happiness in our own place: "Go not abroad for happiness. For see it is a flower blooming at thy door! Bring love and justice home and then no more thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be. Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought; the simple duty that awaits thy hand is God's voice uttering a divine command, Life's common deeds build all that saints have wrought."

May we seek and find Thee, O God, in our own circumstances and location.

Thursday, November 19

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:13

ARNOLD BENNETT, the novelist, once wrote, "Every man has in him to tell one story, his own story." It is interesting to note how many great novels are made from a man's own story. That is true of *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens. It is also true of *Pendennis* by William M. Thackery.

It is obvious, of course, that we have only one life to live. But, for that very reason, we ought to make a fine story out of it. It may be filled with the finest things on earth: faith, hope and love.

Waken our spirits, O God we pray, that each day may add to the building of a noble life. Amen,

Friday, November 20

READ LUKE 23:50, 51

GIVE A THOUGHT to Joseph of Arimathea. We read of his finding a tomb for the body of Jesus after the crucifixion. We read that he lived in the town of Arimathea and also that he was looking for the kingdom of God. He was not only living in his own town, but also living in expectation of God's action. (Continued on next page)

"WHAT WAS MY DADDY LIKE?"

Little Demetra Kouropdos often asks her mother, "What was my daddy like?" She loves to hear about her father. He is part of Demetra's dream.

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The father's wages supported his wife and little son Nicholas adequately. When Demetra was expected they were overjoyed. Two months before Demetra was born the father died of pneumonia. Demetra thinks he might have recovered if she could have nursed him. She dreams of being a nurse and helping other people.

Mrs. Kouropdos encourages Demetra's dream. But deep in her heart she doubts that it can ever be. Since her husband's death, they have moved to a tiny room. Her own health will not permit her to work. Her small pension will not support 2 children. To send Demetra to school she had to place her son in an orphanage.

Demetra knows that without help she too may be separated from her mother. Still she holds to her dream . . . she will become a nurse and help someone in need like the father she never knew.

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Help us, O God, to bring into each day the concern of the kingdom of God, and the long thoughts of eternity.

Saturday, November 21

READ PROVERBS 16:32

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT said to a class of graduating seniors not long ago this arresting statement. He said, "It gets easier and easier for man to dominate his universe... and harder and harder for him to dominate himself." He went on to say that "it matters little what you learn or express if, in the end, you cannot find some ways of working things out with your neighbors."

We cannot dominate the universe, but with God's help, we can dominate ourselves.

O God, we would put Thee in control of our lives. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Sunday, November 22

READ HABAKKUK 3:17-19

ONE OF THE MOST beautiful expressions of faith to be found in the Bible or in all literature is found in the last three verses of the short book of the prophet Habakkuk. It stands on a level with the great declaration of Job, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Here it is, "Though the fig tree do not blossom, nor fruit be on the vines, the produce of the olive fail, and the fields yield no food, the flock be cut off tom the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

May we always be able to take joy in the God of our salvation. Amen.

Monday, November 23

READ MATTHEW 10:37-39

CHARLES LAMB once wrote, "Get the Journal of John Woolman by heart." Good advice a hundred years ago and good advice now. John Woolman was a Quaker, a dedicated Christian who made great sacrifices for his convictions. He was a storekeeper in New Jersey, a rich man, who could have had a very comfortable life. But he was so devoted to the extinction of slavery and the promotion of peace that he put his whole life into such causes. His real business was his "Father's business."

For all the gifts of life we give Thee our thanksgiving, O God. Help us to use all our gifts in Thy service. Amen.

Tuesday, November 24

READ PROVERBS 15:23

THINK TODAY not only of a good word, or a good act, but the high value of doing it "in season"—at the time when it will do the most good. Dean Charles R. Brown used to say to young ministers, "In times of need, the first thing is to get there." Edward Fitzgerald wrote to a friend, at a time of his own sadness, "Pray do write to me. A few lines soon are better than a three-decker novel a month hence."

May we be swift to do Thy errands, O God, and swift to speak the words of comfort. In Jesus' name, Amen,

Wednesday, November 25

READ II CORINTHIANS 9:8

MANY WRITERS today have a vivid sense of the world's evil and coming doom. In fact, many of them have a far more vivid sense of perdition than they have of grace. We cannot live in this world without feeling its evil possibilities. But we can and should have a vivid and sustaining sense of the grace of God which is sufficient for all needs.

To grace how great a debtor, O God, daily we are constrained to be. Help us to trust in Thy love and grace to all men and keep a strong remembrance of Thy grace. Amen,

Thursday, November 26

READ EPHESIANS 5:20

TO US, the word "thanksgiving" has come to mean in large part a special day, as today, a national holiday. In the Bible there is no day called Thanksgiving. The giving of thanks was an act to be carried on at *all* times, "In everything give thanks."

Many medicines, especially vitamins, are advertised to be taken once a day. That is the way gratitude to God is to be expressed, not once a year, but at least once a day.

O God, our Father, so temper our spirits and keep them alert to all Thy benefits that we may give Thee thanks always for all things. In Jesus' name. Amen.

Friday, November 27

READ II CORINTHIANS 10:12

ROBERT BURNS wrote that it is important to see ourselves as others see us. It is important. It is more important to see ourselves as God sees us. We can be saved from complacency by really seeing ourselves. A poet has suggested a good enterprise for all of us.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I".

Pick flaws, find fault; forget the man is you And try to make your estimate ring true.

Beyond that, may we measure our-

selves by the measure of the stature of Christ Jesus. Then self-satisfaction will be far from us,

Save us, O God, from ever getting satisfied with ourselves. May the prayer always be in our hearts, God be merciful to me, a sinner. Amen.

Saturday, November 28

READ JO'IN 4:37, 38

THINK of the people, unknown to ourselves, who have contributed so greatly to our safety, to our food and homes. We are debtors. A poet, W. W. Gibson, has an impressive poem called "Hands." He imagines himself sitting by the fire in his living room and thinking of the people who have helped make that living room, the men who mined the coal, made the rugs and chairs and "porcelain and sea green glass." He imagines that those hands can be heard tapping like fingers on the window.

We would remember in prayer, O God, all the people who have worked for us, people unseen and seen. Help us' in every way possible to pay our debt to them and their fellows. Amen.

Sunday, November 29

READ II CORINTHIANS 9:15

THIS IS the first Sunday in Advent. That season in the church year extends over the four weeks before Christmas. Advent directs our thought to the expectation of Christ and His coming.

An Irish poet has expressed his love of springtime in a charming fashion. He writes, "What can we say but 'Glory Be!' when God breaks out in an apple tree?" What can we say when God breaks out in a life on earth but, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift"?

May we always, O God, find Thy gift to the world in Christ an unspeakable gift by all our powers of expression. May we receive fully that gift.

Monday, November 30

READ PSALM 40:9, 10

THINK OF THE wonderful declaration in the verses for today, "I have not concealed Thy loving kindness." The author of this psalm is not boasting about himself. He is grateful that he has witnessed to God's loving kindness.

There are some people who seem to belong to the secret service. They keep all of their belief in God and all of God's blessing a dark secret. They have concealed it completely. Do we belong to the secret service, or do we follow the command, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so" (Psalm 107:2).

May we be ready witnesses to all who know or see us, of Thy love and power. In Jesus' name. Amen.



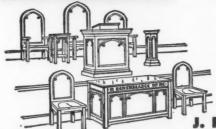


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MY NEW THANKSGIVING

(Continued from page 32)

same way that children are something for parents to be thankful for. Who will deny that if both parents and chidren could be more appreciative of each other, the troubles of earth would be substantially lessened?

Harvey, our eldest, felt that we should be thankful for Dusty (our dog), for Stub (our manx cat), and for "our big red rooster that crows every morning and makes us laugh."

Danny, now going on four, said that we ought to be thankful for the fire that keeps us warm.

To me, all these were good thoughts. More were on the way

"I'm thankful for the huge old balm tree down below the garden," Sherry said, half eagerly, half wistfully. "And the twilights we spent under it last summer, watching the sun set and the stars come out, and listening to the sprinklers watering the garden.

'And for the evening sea breeze,' Harvey added. "I remember how it made all the leaves twinkle like little lights and tinkle like little bells.

By now I could catch only a few of the more important thank-you's:

For the songs the crickets sing. For the limb on the apple tree that

our swing is hung on.

For a bank of dirt to dig holes in. For a family of swallows that came to life in the bird house that we put up last spring.

For the old snag in the corner of the pasture, and the birds that perch there when they're resting.

For the smell of hav, the patter of rain on the roof, the buzzing of bees.

That we can smell all the good things in the kitchen when Mommie is

And have them to eat when they're done.

For a dozen other detailed blessings so commonplace and accepted by us that we never think of them.

Without pausing, Sherry launched into a little speech that fairly swept me off my feet.

"I remember the night that Grandma was over at our house for my birthday party," she said. "When it was time for her to go home, you helped her across the yard and lane to her place. It was spring and the frogs were singing and the stars were shining. When you came back you said you asked Grandma if she could hear the frogs, and she listened a long time but she couldn't hear them because her hearing was too poor.

'And you asked her if she could see the stars, and she looked up at the sky a long time but she couldn't see the stars because her eyes were too poor.

'And when you came back you

looked so sad, and you said that was one of the most painful experiences you ever had, because Grandma loved the outdoors so much.

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And you and mommie and all us kids can see good, and hear good, and we ought to be thankful for that."

Harvey was not to be outdone. "I remember that old neighbor you told us about," he said. "The one you knew a long time ago.

"He was almost 80, and he got real sick and was wracked with pain, It must be terrible to be in such pain and not be able to get relief. We aren't any of us like that today. We're all strong, and well. We ought to be thankful for that, hadn't we?

Finally Sherry came up with the clincher. "All these things we have been talking about," she said, "we don't just have them one day a year. Or two days. Or a month, We have them all day long, every day of the year. Shouldn't we be thankful that long, too? Shouldn't we, Daddy?'

Perhaps my children were not saving anything I had not already heard. Even so, hearing it from them was like hearing it for the first time. If I had anything to do with putting such thoughts into their minds, I must admit that the ones they gave back were far more appealing and convincing. I needed to be shocked back to reality and simplicity. For years my daily round of life had been becoming steadily more tense and hurried. I knew it. I resented it. I fought it. I tried repeatedly to break the spell.

I knew I was cheating myself. That I was by-passing many of the very things I most wanted from life. That altogether too many of the normal and proper joys and pleasures of everyday living had degenerated into colorless, dimensionless half awareness.

It is natural and it is civilized for us to want to act grown up. To want to be mature. To become, or at least to think we become, self sufficient. We outgrow and come even to disdain the attitudes and viewpoints of childhood. We forget the profound and eternal reality that even in our highest state we are children of a caring and providing Providence, and are daily dependent upon Him to supply our every need.

So my new Thanksgiving has become larger. And thanks to Sherry's underscoring, it has become longer.It is now more than a day off the job, special company and/or a big feed. It is more even than a season.

It has become year-long, life-full.

As I have thought about this in recent weeks, I have come to realize as I did not realize before that true peace and happiness do not derive from pos-

session, but from appreciation. We do not find them in generality but in detail. Not in annual but in continual consciousness

Come Thanksgiving, I shall make a deliberate and determined effort to break down the familiar generalities into minutest detail. I shall strive to particularize and personalize as I have not done before.

It shouldn't be too hard-with a year of daily practice behind me, and three alert children on hand to help.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN

(Continued from page 23)

The baby died tonight, and we shall have a funeral in the morning.

And the day's record concludes:

I wonder what I shall find in this strange new land to which we are going. I wonder what may happen to me and to the child I carry under my heart.

Looking back in time, I know that Mother found hardship and sorrow, sickness and death, but also love and great kindness, and a life of profound fulfillment with her large family, her church, and her friends. The child she carried and wondered about as she expressed her thoughts beside the frozen Missouri was the son who many years later soared across that once desolate spot and remembered the past,

My mother-Savilla Kring before she married father-was the first woman in the Evangelical Church ever to be ordained a preacher. A singing evangelist, she had the gift of stirring congregations. As soprano soloist with a vocal quartet, she traveled far from her parents' home in Pennsylvania. In the seventies she first sang the hymn "I'm the Child of the King" at Chautauqua, New York, and then went on to make it a favorite of the now long forgotten camp meetings at Old Orchard, Maine, Round Lake, New York, and Ocean Grove, New Jersey. She sang it one Sunday morning in 1881 at the dedication of Ocean Grove's first pavilion. President James A. Garfield lay mortally wounded at Long Branch, only a few miles away. In the afternoon, Savilla was taken by carriage to the little seaside village, and the dying President, propped against his pillows, listened to the golden music of the girl:

My Father is rich in houses and lands:

He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands . .

A tent or a cottage, why should I care?

They are building a palace for me over there.

When I came to know Mother she had a voice like a gentle flute, and the memory of her singing this, her favor-



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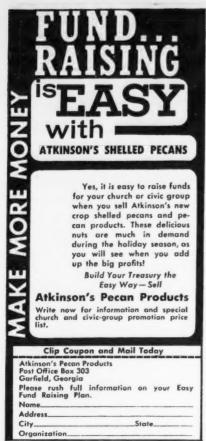


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ite. hymn still touches me deeply. One summer evening in 1932, on the moonlit roof of a hotel in Washington, D.C., I chanced to be conversing with Garfield's son, In 1916 I had campaigned with James R. Garfield in Ohio when he ran for governor, but only now did I tell him how Savilla Kring had sung for his father, "Was that your mother?" he asked in astonishment. "I remember her. As a little boy I stood beside my father's bed and listened to her sing just outside the door. She was very beautiful." I was able to tell Mr. Garfield that Mother was still beautiful, and that she was still singing what had come to be known as "her" song.

Miss Kring, the daughter of an Evangelical pastor, was well launched upon what was then a spectacular career for a young woman when the proverbial penniless youth crossed her path in Canton, Ohio-or rather, blocked it. Red-headed, ambitious, and with the call to preach, Charles Poling was the son of a Virginia circuit rider whose parish extended from the Potomac across western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio. Teaching school in the summer and attending Mount Union College in the winter, Father should have been discouraged for he faced plenty of competition.

There was an uproar when the engagement was announced: much talk of "wasted talents" and the "sin of sacrificing a high calling" for such a marriage. Some of the saints were never reconciled. Father was not at all disturbed, however, nor were Savilla's parents, and the bride-to-be serenely answered, "Perhaps I shall raise a preacher or two." As it turned out, she did even better; she raised three.

Mother had a sense of humor that was second only to her radiant, mystical religious experience. Indeed, the two were often linked. "I used to be afraid of God until I heard Him laugh," she remarked one day, leaving me a puzzled youth until the laughter was pointed out, in Psalms: "But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them."

And along with Mother's sense of humor went common sense. When a distressed young matron who had been too easily influenced by admiring, predatory males, came to Mother saying, "I have committed the unpardonable sin -my soul is lost," and then tried to tell Mother all about it, Mother had this answer for her: "Don't tell me another word, dear. We will just get down on our knees and tell the Heavenly Father -and don't you dare talk out loud." In this fashion, with my mother's arms around her, the young woman made her confession. The record shows that she lived the good life thereafter. When, at a rather worldly age myself, I asked Mother if she wasn't tempted just a little-whether she really wouldn't

have enjoyed hearing the details—her brown eyes twinkled and she answered, "Definitely yes! Gossip is wonderful. But I knew that if she ever got started talking about it, she wouldn't be able to stop, and so many people would be hurt. Women are like that, you know."

Mother's laughter, which was laughter with all the silver bells ringing, seemed to be an outward expression of the determination in her character. She would raise us so that we turned out at our best, Father's salary, when I first became aware of such things, was four hundred dollars a year. I remember my sense of affluence when it rose to six hundred: I wondered what we would do with the extra money. It was Mother, with her flying hands and fighting heart, who supplemented the income and held us together. We were never forsaken and we never begged, but we were undeniably outfitted from missionary boxes that came from the more affluent churches of the East. Some of the contents of those boxes were wonderful and others were notgarments fraved and faded, shoes without mates, games that lacked parts or directions, dolls that were losing their sawdust. She invented new rules for the games; she stuffed the limp dolls; she converted the lonely shoes into sandals. I never owned an overcoat until I was in high school, and then one green with age came in a box. It fit me, and Mother dved it.

Mother did something that was even more wonderful-she raised her "p.k's," her preacher's kids, without letting them develop inferiority complexes. Not one of us, such was her inspired way, ever had the slightest idea that he was unfortunate or to be pitied. We were taught to pray for wisdom and guidance, for direct help in practical, everyday matters. The example our parents gave us was, perhaps, a childlike faith, but never did those prayers for Heaven's aid conclude without the acceptance of responsibility for getting busy. "Pray without ceasing and work accordingly" was one of Father's mottoes, and one of his favorite texts was, "Faith without works is dead."

In one of our last conversations, Father smiled as he recalled his parents' firm reliance upon God to supply all wants according to the formula of "Ask and then go out for it." He added this: "Remember that promise, and remember that it never failed your father and his father and others before them. Your mother and I had more when she went on ahead than at any other time in our lives, and you children—well, you've never had to beg bread or anything else since you stopped pestering us for candy or ribbons long ago."

Mother was a very beautiful woman. As a little boy I knew it; when I was a

man, and she had gone on to the house and lands she had celebrated in song, another woman, the venerable wife of a judge in Lafayette, Oregon, confirmed my memories. "Your mother," she said, "was the loveliest creature that ever came to this valley, and her voice made you forget about angels." Then she added, "But none of us could understand why she came here." To this woman it seemed a waste that Mother had hidden her gifts from the great centers of the East. Mother's answer to this point of view was in the fullness of her work, and I know that she would never have agreed that a day of her life was purposeless.

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On my parents' golden wedding anniversary I surprised them by flying to Portland unannounced. This was in 1932, when people didn't take to the air as casually as they do now, and in Topeka, Kansas, my plane rose before dawn from a narrow strip that was illumined by automobile headlights. After the anniversary celebration, I talked Father and Mother into their first airplane ride. It was intended to be an ambitious one-across the continent to Long House, the summer home I had found for the Poling clan in New Hampshire.

At that time I owned and used in my traveling duties a Lockheed-Vega High-Wing Express, piloted for me by young Russell Thaw, son of Harry K. Thaw and Evelyn Nesbitt, Russell had been flying solo since he was fifteen, and he had my utter confidence although, looking back on some of his feats, such as landing me in an empty lot in Lima, Ohio, I find that I now shudder.

Starting east, we circled Mount Hood and looked down into its crater-Father suggested that. Thereafter, we followed the route of the wedding journey of half a century before. At Helena, when the brakes on our landing gear jammed, we went into a loop. I had strapped Mother by my side in the wide seat; Father sat in front. Russell did a remarkable job; though shaken, none of us was hurt. "Our family never could do anything the easy way at first," was Mother's comment when Father, always solicitous, asked her how she felt. Then she turned to me. "I assume it isn't customary to come down like this," she said with a twinkle, "but I certainly enjoyed the ride."

My plane, its tail damaged, had to be left behind. I hardly expected Mother to agree to another flight, since she had been sick most of the way, but she insisted on our flying to Billings in a chartered plane, from which point the three of us took the train for the rest of the way.

As the seasons passed, Mother seemed not to grow older. Her mind quickened, her lovely voice remained.

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Only her body grew more fragile, In the middle 1930s, when the message reached us widely scattered children that she had passed unexpectedly into a coma, we all hurried homeward to Portland, And then, quite miraculously, she came back to us. For the first time in many years Mother's p.k.'s were all together, and again she was the heart of the family, She sang her song, "They are building a palace for me over there. ..." She queened the intimate scene. One evening we became hilarious. Any large and congenial family's reminiscences are likely to become loud as one leads to another. Ours did that night. Father was busy in his study. At eighty he was still preaching sermons to save the world, and that evening he was getting a new one out of his system. He stood the noise as long as he could and then came down to shush us. "What in the world will the neighbors think?" he asked. Mother had the answer. "Why, Charlie, they'll think it's the wake." And as he always did when Mother made her point, Father surrendered. He forgot his sermon and helped us make more noise.

Finally the day came when my duties called me back to my church in Philadelphia. I knew I was leaving the old home never to see it again as I had always known it. I lifted Mother from the davenport in the sitting room and carried her to her bed. Thoughtfully, the others left us there. Presently Mother said, "Put your head on my hands, for I can't lift them now." And, kneeling by her bed, I put my head down into her hands. They were working hands, and in their roughness was part of my life, for these hands had made me the man I was. They were also beautiful hands, infinitely gentle. She turned on her pillow until her lips were on my hair, and then she said:

"If, when you come again, I am not here to greet you as always I have been, then, my son, you will know where to find me."

With those words, her last to me, fixed in my heart, I went out and flew eastward toward the dawn.

Twice, in the years since that morning, I have dreamed about Mother when the dream seemed more than a dream. In both cases it was unmistakably a visitation to my subconscious. Once she moved with characteristic quietness and the ineffable smile that so often in life reassured me; she told me clearly that she understood the problem I faced and that my decision was pleasing to her. That was all. But when I woke—if I had been sleeping—I had the answer—her answer and mine—to what I had been searching for and agonizing over.

The second experience came after a recent major operation, during the days and nights that were rugged and

seemed unending, Again I had the sense of Mother's presence, though now she was part of a larger company that included Father and the mother of my two sons and others. My darkened hospital room became luminous and crowded. Sleepless, wide-eyed, I knew the presence of what the Scriptures describe as "a cloud of witnesses." There were moments when it seemed they must break through to me, become visible, speak. But this did not happen. Nor did it need to happen, for I was fully comforted. They were just there, to me as real as reality, "closer . . . than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet," as Tennyson puts it. I did not feel I was on the way out and forward, but I did know that if that had been in God's plan for me, I would not have been lonely.

THE first clear memory I have of my father is associated with an hour of terror. It was night and dark, and I was alone. Then Father came, lifted me from my crib, held me against his deep, warm chest, and laughed quietly and reassuringly. I had the croup, a scourge in those days, but in Father's comforting arms I relaxed and began to breathe quietly. Instinctively, because Father laughed, I knew that I need not be afraid.

Later, the first time I looked at death, Father again carried me in his arms and made it gentle. The tiny, still form lying in its cradle was my baby sister, Addie. In my lifetime I have seen death approach many times to claim those dear to me or, in the horror of brutal war, to strike down men whose names were unknown to me. But no matter the outward circumstances, the memory of my father's protecting arms has always come back to be part of my reassurance, my consolation.

Four strains converged in Father—Scotch, English, Welsh, Irish. I once heard him explain that he got his conservatism from the Scotch, his stubbornness from the English, just a suggestion of melody (he really had a fine tenor voice) from the Welsh, and his extreme modesty from the Irish. A sense of humor, obviously, went along with his sensitive and often unexpected tenderness.

Once while addressing a temperance rally in Topeka I overplayed my family hand—to my own confusion but to the delight of a self-respecting Kansas audience. Announcing the collection, I said, or thought I said, "When I first became well acquainted with my father, who was a clergyman in the state of Oregon, he was supporting a family of nine children on four hundred dollars a year." That night I learned the difference between being laughed with and laughed at—and believe me, there is a difference. My audience sud-

denly sat up, gave me one startled, concentrated look, and then went into near-hysterics.

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After the meeting a friend, still laughing about my boner, told me that I had unwittingly transposed the quantities so that what I had wished to present as a hard fact of the preacher's life came out "supporting four hundred children on nine dollars a year." Father's response, when he heard about it, was, "Thanks for the compliment, Son, but why didn't you wait till you got to Salt Lake City where it might have done you some good?"

Father was not always the comforter or joker, however. He could be an angry man and a formidable disciplinarian. I associate his stern nature with the flaming red burnsides he wore when I was young. Particularly in dealing with me and my two brothers Father observed the wisdom found in Proverbs: "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." I hasten to add that I never received a lick amiss.

My earliest recollection of corporal psanishment is associated with my dislike of what today is called a baby-sitter. This particular character, an elderly neighbor, had tormented me beyond endurance, or so I thought. Faced with the prospect of more of her repressions, I bit her with enthusiasm and all my front teeth, then drove my four-year-old legs at top speed for the nearest exit. I was not fast enough. Father caught me. What he did to me made that the last time I ever put teeth into human flesh.

Another dandy whipping I arranged for deliberately. A dog-and-pony show came to the Marquam Theater in Portland. An advance agent appeared at the Stevens Addition school on the East Side and offered tickets in the top gallery to the four boys who would distribute fliers house to house, Somehow I was selected as one of the lucky four even though my father was known to be against theaters on principle, as was his church. At this point I talked myself into trouble. To my slipping conscience, I said, "This is different. Trained dogs and trained poniesthey're educational." I distributed the fliers, claimed my ticket, and went home to Father. He heard me through -he always did that-and then said, "No!"

So I went. I was nine or ten then, and I calmly assumed full responsibility and accepted in advance the penalty that would come. Later, when the punishment was over, I felt I had come out ahead. Today I am sure that my rewards were worth all that I received at home when I returned. I went early, without my supper, and reached the theater, as I had hoped to, in time to carry water to the ponies. Two of these



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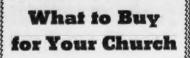
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sensitive creatures were in the midst of a feud and, approaching one of them from the wrong angle, I received a kick not intended for me. The blow landed on my shin and I fell in a heap.

A performer in that show, a young man who did tricks with a rope while he chewed gum, picked me up and calmed me. His name was Will Rogers, and from that night he was my idol. After making sure my leg was not broken, Will sat me on a chair in the wings and I saw the exhibition from there. It was wonderful, and doubly so because I was going to pay a price for it. Afterward, Will drove me home in a pony cart and explained my bruised shin to Father. Father was courteous with Will but firm with me. I did my best to keep my wounded leg in the foreground, but the paternal interest centered elsewhere. "Not because you went, Son," he explained, "but because you disobeyed."

In Lafayette, south of Portland in the Willamette Valley, Father built the little church that was the largest and most beautiful building in my small world. Much of the work he did with his own hands, and in the same way he helped build churches elsewhere in his wide parish. Stone upon stone, board above board, I watched our church rise, and then I saw it painted—white for the body, the tower in several colors. I played in the shadow of its walls and later worshiped at its altar. The faith my father declared from the pulpit he nailed together became my faith.

There was good and even great preaching in that modest sanctuary, and there were occasions when it was filled with the loveliness of Mother's singing. Then, too, there were lectures and commencement exercises, for the church became the chapel of a seminary that Father founded. I remember all of these-the sermons, the music, the commencements, the lectures and the other community occasions that brought everyone together as perhaps only our pioneer towns ever met. Memorable, all of it, but the best of all was when my mother prayed. She would talk about "unsearchable riches," woman who was very poor of riches, and she would thank God for "many things," and her children wondered what they were, though today they know, Always Mother prayed to receive God's answer, whether or not this was the answer she thought she needed. And always, as I came to understand later, she found in prayer peace and the inner power that comes with peace.

The preacher who built that white church, and who filled it with the sermons of his faith, came back to it often for more than sixty years. I heard him last in that pulpit when he was nearly ninety. Today, the little church bears his name and is a memorial to him and

to the woman who stood by his side and largely made him what he became. For Mother was the greater evangelist, imbued with the mysticism and power associated with motherhood. Father understood her loyalty and her faith in him, and generally sensed what she thought he should do even before Mother put her thoughts into words.

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Ours is a preaching tradition. I have heard both my grandfathers, both my parents, both my brothers, and both my sons preach, and I hope to hear at least one or more of my twenty-one grandchildren. The preaching line runs unbroken for four generations through Father, for six generations through Mother, and of the nine males in the generations through Father, eight have been clergymen—not counting uncles

and nephews.

An early recollection of my father associates him with a black horse: Father drawing on his rubber boots, getting into rubber garments, lifting me into his arms, and then mounting and riding away. He had a circuit that took him, through all weathers, deep into the mountain country east and west of Lafayette. Father was a sound horseman. He came of a horse-loving family-its only male member in four generations who was not a preacher was a breeder and trainer of Morgans. But when the horse age passed for Father, and he dismounted and took over the wheel of an automobile, the change was not for the better. As an example of his style, which he considered the last word in prudence, he would drive into the center of an intersection, stop, and look in all directions before proceeding. Mother always insisted on riding with him. "If he does have the big accident," she said, when we remonstrated with her, "I don't want to be left behind." But he never had that accident.

One of the most poignant of all the scenes from my childhood is that of the agony on my father's face when I came back from what he thought was my grave. We were living in Lafayette then, and I had learned to swim when he was not at home, disobeying his orders and going to the Yamhill River without his or Mother's knowledge. When the summer came that Father thought it was time for me to learn, I was already an adept. Rather than confess, I let him tie a clothesline around my waist and maintain the link between us while I struggled convincingly in the shallows. Pleased with my progress, Father sent me to the beach and admonished me to stay there while he demonstrated some real swimming.

It was while his back was turned that an evil spirit entered me. I scampered to the plank diving board, let out a wild yell, and fell off. Swimming un-

derwater to the channel, where the current ran swift, I came up for air far below my point of disappearance. Then I saw Father in the water, calling my name and helplessly, frantically searching for me. My pleasure in my achievement was suddenly gone, and I was afraid. But the punishment I got that day was not from Father's hands; it was from the look on his face. When we were together again he sat with me on the sand and held me tightly. When at last he spoke, he said, "Sometime, my son, you will understand." There was something in his voice I had never heard before and shall never forget-the primal anguish of a father for his child.

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Portland, when I first knew it, was a pretty tough place, a real frontier town, with bawdyhouses opening out on a downtown street and a congress of bums and hoodlums on most of the main corners. When the Salvation Army first came to town with its uniforms and bonnets, its tambourines and big bass drum and its hymns set to popular tunes, the loafers went into action. The Army's street-corner meetings were at first derided, then egged, then openly attacked. One evening we heard a cry of "Fire!" Father, who had defended the Salvationists from the beginning, ran from our house to the scene of the latest attack, a half-mile away. Against his orders, I followed at a distance. The Army's first small barracks had been set afire, and a large crowd had gathered to watch. Never shall I forget the sight of Father, hatless, his red burnsides bristling, wading in among the spectators to find the guilty ones and hold them for the law. The court action that followed helped create a new climate in Portland for the Salvation Army.

What a man Father was! Even in near-poverty he could inspire his sons with the attractiveness of his high calling. Like Mother, he never really grew old. Sickness, major operations, and the inevitable disappointments of life left him still the incurable optimist. When he was past eighty-five he put a new roof on his house in Portland. It had been my joy and my privilege to give the roof to my parents. Father loved his house. As we surveyed the finished job, he was clearly not pleased. "I made a mistake," he told me. "Those synthetic shingles look all right, but an Oregon house should be covered with clear cedar, and that's what I'll put on next." We discussed other matters for what I believed was a reasonable period, and then I asked, "Father, what's your guarantee on that roof?"

Like a flash came the answer: "Fifteen years-and I know what you're thinking!"

That was the summer of our last fishing trip. We packed into the Cascades, twenty-one miles over a moun-







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tain trail. Three days we fished for trout and three days it rained. I have pictures to prove that we caught the limit and that the big ones did not get away. Also, I caught a miserable cold. Father caught only fish. Riding out, he said, "Dan, do you know what's wrong with you?" "Certainly," I replied, "a cold." Father laughed, straightened himself in the saddle, and answered, "I'll tell you what's wrong. Your generation is soft." And his blue eyes flashed. That was our last ride together.

Father lived into his ninetieth year. Toward the end he was often confused. But when he went on his "big one"-he called it that-he was not confused. He died before I could reach his bedside from Philadelphia so that my last memories of him are associated with our fishing trip and other moments when he was vividly alive. Father's last wordsthey were written down for me-were: "I know that I am a dying man but I am a victorious man. I have a message for the Conference. Preach Christ, preach Christ crucified, buried and risen from the dead." Self-denying, ageless, indomitable Father-as he slipped away his thoughts turned from himself to his church, and his words were like the climax of a last sermon.

There were nine of us children eventually—five girls and four boys. The six of us who grew to manhood and womanhood—including my brothers Charles Samuel and Paul Newton, my sisters Ethel, Laura, and Mabel—all survive at this writing. All of us have raised families of our own and all of us have become grandparents, to the total of thirty-five grandchildren.

My brother and two sisters who did not live were casualties of frontier medical ignorance or neglect. None of their deaths, I am convinced, would have occurred in our present era of understanding of causes and treatments. My sister Addie came to Mother's breast when for the first time it was inadequate; the raw cow's milk she was given as a substitute was a liquid poison. Golden-haired May, the loveliest memory of my childhood, was stricken with what was diagnosed as "brain fever," and a few days before she was five she died with my name on her lips. I can hear her now: "Put the blocks away, Danny, I am very tired. May can't play any longer.

Rudolph, a dozen years younger than I, was a lad of great promise and I loved him dearly. His affliction was typhoid fever. The medicine Mother was instructed to give him burned holes in her apron. By the time she discovered this and discontinued giving it, it was too late.

The death of this brother was one of the crucial experiences of my life, for in his passing I learned a fundamental truth about prayer. I learned

it in agony—and an agony that was twice bitter because the lesson followed another experience that had led me to think I knew all I needed to know about prayer.

Prayer is our inheritance. I received it from my parents as they received it from theirs, and with my face buried in the calico that covered my mother's knees, and with her worn, gentle hands on my head, I uttered the first prayers of childhood. Mother's low, armless rocker behind the airtight wood stove in the sitting room was an altar where we children were comforted and taught. Her open Bible lay upon that chair. and in the early-morning prayers she whispered there before the rest of us were awake Mother found the strength for her crowded day and the grace she breathed upon us all.

■ GREW up, then, to my junior year in college possessing the knowledge that prayer never fails. And now I was to pray to my first answer. The memory is sharp and clear.

I became the representative of my school, Dallas College, in a state oratorical contest. On Sunday before the Friday of the final event I developed a severe cold with a rising fever. "Grippe," said the doctor. Voiceless, I was in black despair at the thought of failing my school. The despair was half remorse: I had invited the disaster by going on an exhausting thirty-mile bicycle ride the day before the cold began. Wednesday night I began to be delirious.

Thursday morning something happened. First, I stopped my frantic regretting and began to think with a purpose. I was living at home, for our home at that period was on the edge of the Dallas campus. On the wall of my room hung a motto. I can see it yet—silver letters on a green card: "There Hath Not Failed One Word Of All His Good Promise." Mother had placed the message on that wall long before, and now it called me out of my despair and inspired me to action.

I rolled out of bed. On my knees, with my burning face buried in the covers that should have been over me, I prayed. I prayed to be ready and able to speak on Friday night. Whatever the cost might be, I asked for that. Not to win but to be there, in my place and with voice and strength enough not to let my college down. I did not ask for anything to the detriment of any other person. I asked only that I be able to do my assigned and accepted duty and that others not be the losers because of my weakness. Today, looking back, I know that this prayer was right.

I got back into bed, pulled the covers to my chin, and had the answer for the doctor when he came again. I knew that I would speak. The doctor said no, but his word did not trouble me. A few hours later when the fever broke and I went into the great sweat that dropped me into the depths, I had a finish fight with doubt. I discovered the knowledge that I have never since lost: In weakness, God is man's strength, and His strength is matured and perfected for us in our weakness.

The physiologist and psychiatrist have their own answers for what happened to me that day. But with those answers fully evaluated, acknowledged, and appreciated, there is still something more—the truth that I discovered and experienced in my eighteenth year. It is this "something more" that I have endeavored to share with others throughout my career. It has given me not only peace of mind and peace of soul, but peace with power in and over every circumstance of life.

I delivered my oration, "A Vision for Service." The fortunes of the drawing made me the first speaker. I came on, was letter-perfect although wobbly in the knees, and got off the stage be-

fore I collapsed.

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Of course I was gratified, later on, when I learned that I had won, but I had not asked for that. Even then I knew that such a prayer is always wrong, for it is a prayer against men who are your associates and comrades as well as your opponents. "May the best man win" is the thought that should go with you when you kneel as well as when you run, and I knew that.

And so my first answer, prayed to, was given me. My second experience came only a few months later when I was called home from my summervacation job to find my brother Rudolph with the fatal grip of typhoid upon him. I knew what to do—or thought I knew! I knelt again to ask God to keep His promise that had never failed, the promise of that old wall motto. With complete assurance I began that prayer.

But now it was different, altogether different. I got nowhere. There was no promise and no peace. I seemed as one standing before a wall of stone, or a gate of brass that would not open, I became increasingly importunate. I argued and made demands. Gradually, a hopelessness came upon me. First it was amazement or the shock of disillusion, then anger, and finally despair.

I wanted the life of my brother more than I desired anything in the world. I wanted his life so much that I was ready that night to pledge my own life for his recovery. But there was no answer and not the slightest intimation that I had been heard.

Would it have been possible for me to batter through that closed door? Does the promise "Ask it shall be given



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to you" strip down to just that? There are some who so affirm. I do not know, and if I thought I did, I would not assume the responsibility of speaking out. If finally God does not give me the keys, I shall not attempt to take them by force. I want His answer, Always I may have mine without going to the trouble of praying.

That night, hours after my return home, I left the house, which was then filled with the sounds of Rudolph's tortured breathing, and tramped alone through the countryside. I was alone now as I had never before been alone -helpless and without hope. But I would not concede defeat. The issue was too appalling. This was my first real bout with death, though death had come to our house twice before. Then I myself had been a child. Once I had barely been aware of the fact. The second time I had still been too young to feel I had a part to play. Now I was mature enough to feel responsible.

Tired to the bone, I returned to my room and to my knees. In the room next to mine the breathing had changed. No longer sharp and spaced, it galloped like a horse out of control. I could not pray again. Hours had passed since I first began to beat against that door that would not open. I waited there and at last in utter weariness fell asleep.

Dawn had come when I opened my eyes, Mother was there, and Father, but before they spoke, even before I was fully awake, I had my answer. It was as definite as the first answer had been, but much more vivid and compelling. The answer was "No."

The years that have passed since that morning when prayer led me to my first upmistakable negative have not dimmed the impression that came with the answer. I was satisfied, and with the answer came peace. It was the answer I wanted; it was my answer. There was no rebellion in me-none at alland there was power, power that I knew was never to leave me, power that was to be my companion in sickness as in health, through war and peace, at birth and at death, all the way through life.

That morning I found the interpretation of Christ's incredible promise: "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." Until then I had never really seen those three words "in my name." I had read only, "Whatsoever ye shall ask, that will I do." But "in my name" now means to me literally "in my will." As I prayed for Rudolph's recovery, there was no "thy will be done" anywhere in the anguished cry of my heart. I was ready to settle for nothing less than "my will be done."

But with the answer that came after I could no longer cry out my passionate demand, came also the assurance that

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"No" was not the only word God had for me. The affirmation in the answer was what I truly wanted. Yes, it was as definite and final as that. Then I would not have exchanged the "No" for "Yes,"

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Many particulars are still clouded; there remain many baffling questions. Some of them will not be answered, it appears, this side of Eternity. But through the years since I listened for my brother's last breath, I have been content to wait.

It was in that morning when he died that I came to know he had something better than I had asked for him; that, as Father told me later, our loss was his gain. Here also the details are clouded, but the reality is most real. I began to see even then that this life is the beginning and not the end, that it is, as has been said, "but the child-hood of immortality."

Faith in its ultimate reaches cannot be rationalized, but my own children helped me understand something of the quality of what the truth itself is. I used to watch them when they dropped their toys beyond their reach, used to Esten to their cries of anger or frustration or sheer grief. For young Daniel and Clark, or Mary or Jane, all was lost. For them the world had tumbled in. To me, the situation was considerably different. I could see that all was not lost, that the world for which my children lamented was intact and just about all ahead. And then I saw how quickly the child's memory of the event faded when the tears were dried. And so it is, I think, that God listens to our weeping when the situation is beyond our knowledge but still within His love and power.

There was an almost mystical relationship between Rudolph and me. At age seven he was a deep, quiet, radiant lad. He used to come and stand between my knees, without a movement or a word, as I sat studying at the table in my small room. He had never been robust, but we had learned to take that for granted, to accept him as he was, and it never occurred to us that he would not be staying. One evening he brought to my room a Kodak snapshot I had taken of him. He climbed into my lap with it while I sat studying, found a pencil, and laboriously spelled out his name in block letters across the picture: RUDOLPH. Then he slid down and went away, leaving the offering on

I still have that picture in an old trunk. When the mood is on me, I go to the attic and take it in my hands and remember the long night when in vain I battered at the door that would not open, but from which at last I turned away with the answer that was better than the one I sought—the answer that brought me peace with power.

(To be continued)

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This suspenseful FBI-view of crime covers more than 30 years of such exciting activities as rounding up the Ku Klux Klan, solving baffling murders, tracking down gangsters and spies.



motion picture reviews

★ The F.B.I. Story (WB)

THIS drama taken from the best-selling book by Don Whitehead is a good presentation of what the F.B.I. really is—an effective detective agency dedicated to "justice and the love of justice," one which has no similarity to the secret police of a totalitarian state. Based on authentic records, the film covers the chief activities of the Bureau since J. Edgar Hoover has been its chief. Adults will remember reading about these in the newspapers.

The violent days of the Ku Klux Klan are recalled, when F.B.I. agents disguised as Klansmen helped prevent the murder of a local editor. The agency solves the mystery of the brutal murder of Indians in Oklahoma where unscrupulous white men had attempted to take over the Indians' oil claims. The gangster era with such notorious figures as "Pretty Boy" Floyd, John Dillinger and "Baby Face" Nelson, is covered,

showing the F.B.I.'s relentless work to bring these men to justice. The tracing of fugitive criminals, rounding up of enemy aliens during World War II and uncovering espionage agents all come in for their share of attention.

This is all told through the story of F.B.I. agent "Chip Hardesty" and his family. It is quite evident that an agent must be well trained, dedicated and completely loyal, a person of high courage and integrity. Some of his duties are not at all easy on the wife and children who occasionally show impatience with exposure to danger, unexpected moves and separations and a policy of "no questions asked."

This production has dignity and should go a long way to prove that crime pays off in insecurity and gray hair—if you live so long. Besides that, it has adventure and suspense, very good entertainment values. It is well directed and consistently well acted. This has something for every member of the family—for Dad and Mother, information about an important government agency; for Johnny and Sister, something better than Junior G-Man badges from the cereal box.

The Devil's Disciple
(Hecht-Hill-Lancaster. U.A.)

GEORGE Bernard Shaw's delightful satire has a historical setting in the American Revolution. In this film version Laurence Olivier is superb as General Burgoyne and makes the pithy Shaw dialogue fairly crackle. Burt Lancaster plays a preacher, first thought to be a coward, who seems to enjoy warlike activities more than pastoral duties and eventually helps to

defeat the British. His young and beautiful wife vacillates between him and the man who calls himself the Devil's Disciple (Kirk Douglas). When the occasion arises, however, the Disciple is willing to do the noble deed of sacrificing himself for another. The spirited action and lively dialogue will appeal to adults and mature youth.

Yellowstone Kelly (WB)

YELLOWSTONE Kelly, a fur trapper who has remained friendly with the Indians, refuses to become the scout for a U.S. Army major leading a fight to drive the Sioux further north. Years before, Yellowstone had saved the life of the Big Chief of the Seven Nations, but he discovers that not all Indians are friendly. He becomes involved in various troubles when an Indian maiden wounded while being captured in a raid on her tribe is brought to him for medical treatment. The girl is claimed by the chief's nephew and complications arise on all sides. Fighting, escape, pursuit, and killing follow, but always Yellowstone keeps his word. So does Big Chief who, after an attempt to surround and destroy a U.S. Cavalry unit, finally decides there has been enough killing. He rides away and leaves the Indian princess with Yellowstone whom she has chosen. This is an exciting western, better than average, with beautiful scenery, suitable for the family.

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FOR FAMILY

30 Foot Bride of Candy Rock (Columbia) Hodge-podge farce comedy pretending to be satire on amateur scientific experiments. Not very funny,

FOR ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE

Face of Fire (U A) A man's face is horribly disfigured by flaming acid, but eventually compassion overcomes fright and he is accepted again.

The Oregon Trail (20th C-Fox) A very involved western melodrama inter-weaves historical facts with exciting fictional adventures.

A Private's Affair (20th C-Fox) Vicissitudes and romantic complications of three G.I.s. Never to be taken seriously.

FOR ADULTS AND MATURE YOUNG PEOPLE

But Not For Me (Paramount) A sophisticated comedy of Big Business in the theatrical world.

FOR ADULTS

Sapphire (J. A. Rank, Univ-Int'l) Welldone British murder mystery, Suspense and conflict of races adds up to exciting melodrama.

Look Back in Anger (Woodfall. WB) Social drama depicting England's "angry young men," based on John Osborne's play.

The Blue Angel (20th C-Fox) Remake of the famous German film of some 30 years ago. Outdated, sordid melodrama.

It Started With a Kiss (Arcola. MGM) A cross between a comedy of errors and a comedy of manners giving a distorted picture of what love and marriage are meant to be, under the guise of romance and humor.

Girls' Town (MGM) Life in a poorly run home for problem girls. Greatly exaggerated.

OBJECTIONABLE

Cry Tough (UA) Crime and anti-social activities among some of the Puerto Ricans living in New York City. A shocking and brutal exposé of vice in all its manifestations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

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"Look! You've even changed your name!"

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"Had your fill?"



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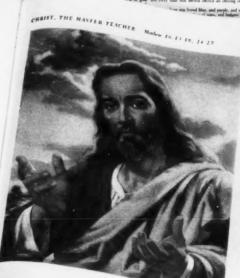
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